



THRILLS OF THE 21ST CENTURY WITH

Tommy
TOMORROW



10¢

52 BIG
PAGES

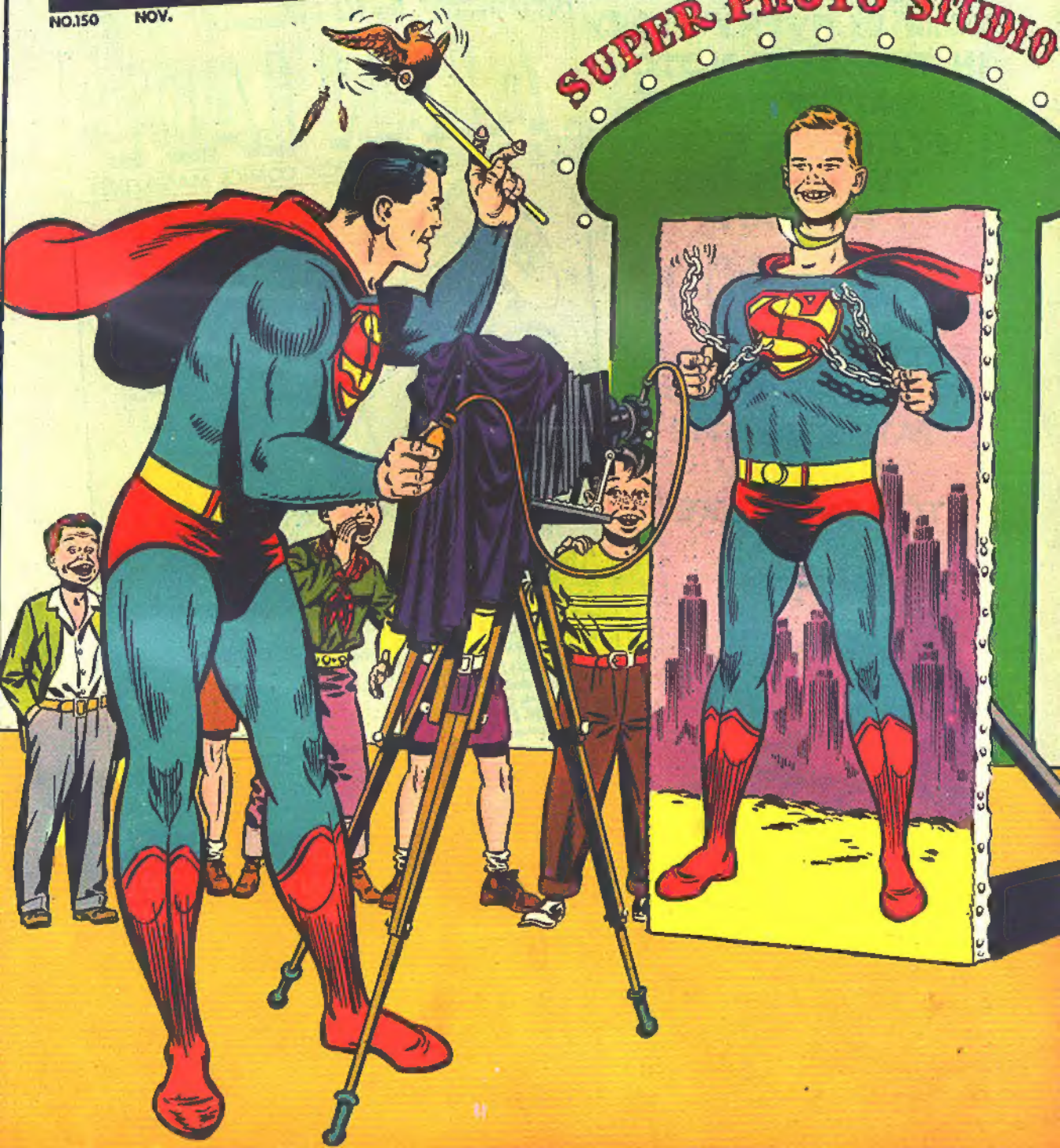
ACTION COMICS

NO. 150 NOV.

Another
DARING ADVENTURE
WITH THE WORLD'S
CHAMPION HERO—

SUPERMAN

SUPER PHOTO STUDIO





SUPERMAN

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ALL OVER THE WORLD THEY STARTED
POPPING UP--THESE GIANT STATUES OF THE
WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS CITIZEN--**SUPERMAN!**
SOME WERE BURIED IN THE DEEPEST FAST-
NESSES OF THE EARTH, OTHERS WERE
PLANTED ATOP MOUNTAINS NO MAN HAS EVER
TROD--AND STILL OTHERS WERE FOUND IN
THE MURKY DEPTHS OF AN UNPLUMBED SEA!
WHERE DID THEY COME FROM, THESE MYSTER-
IOUS STATUES? THAT IS THE PROBLEM WHICH
HAUNTS THE MAN OF TOMORROW AS
HE SEEKS TO SOLVE...

"THE SECRET OF THE 6 SUPERMAN STATUES!"

THIS STATUE DISCOVERED
20000 LEAGUES
UNDER THE SEA.

THIS STATUE
DISCOVERED ATOP THE
WORLD'S HIGHEST
MOUNTAIN.

WHAT!
ANOTHER
ONE?



IT IS AT TIMES LIKE THIS THAT CLARK KENT--REALLY SUPERMAN--ALMOST WISHES HE COULD STOP LIVING A DOUBLE LIFE!

WHAT? YOU'RE NOT GOING TO THE DEDICATION OF THE VETERANS' HOUSING PROJECT, CLARK? HMMPH! DON'T YOU EVEN CARE ABOUT THE POOR, HOMELESS VETERANS?

SURE I CARE, LOIS, BUT I'M--ER--BUSY!



YOU'RE JUST A SELF-CENTERED--DRIP, CLARK KENT! BESIDES, SUPERMAN WILL BE THERE AND YOU'RE SO JEALOUS OF HIM YOU CAN'T EVEN BEAR TO HEAR HIM SPEAK! GOOD-BYE!

UHP! LOIS IS AN AWFUL TEMPER! BUT HOW CAN I EXPLAIN I CAN'T GO WITH HER AS CLARK KENT, BECAUSE I'VE GOT TO BE THERE, AS SUPERMAN.



AND SO A SHORT TIME LATER, AT A PROPOSED NEW HOUSING PROJECT FOR VETERANS...

... AND SO IT IS MY PLEASURE TO DEDICATE THIS LAND TO AMERICA'S HEROES, THE VETERANS OF WORLD WAR II!

SUPERMAN'S MARVELOUS! HE PUTS CLARK KENT TO SHAME! SUPERMAN'S NEVER TOO BUSY TO APPEAR AT WORTHY CAUSES LIKE THIS!



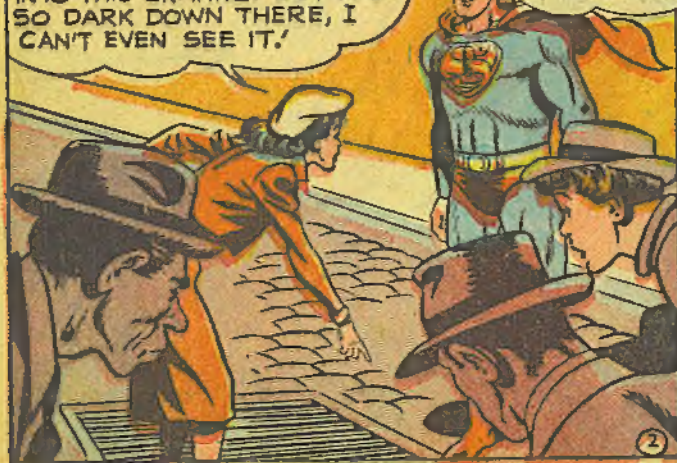
SUPERMAN! YOO-HOO! HERE I... OOOOPS! MY BAG!

OH! I'M SORRY, MISS! I DIDN'T MEAN TO BUMP INTO YOU!

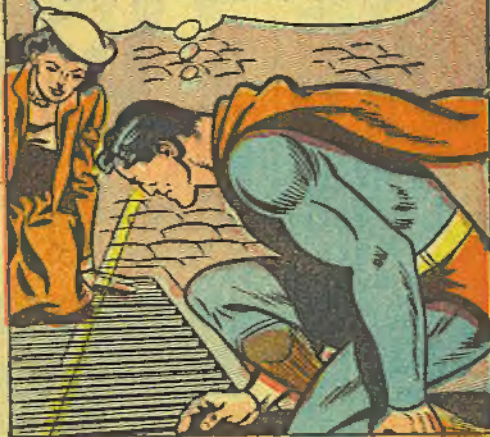


OH, SUPERMAN! LOOK! I DROPPED ALL MY CHANGE INTO THIS GRATING! BUT IT'S SO DARK DOWN THERE, I CAN'T EVEN SEE IT!

STEP ASIDE, LOIS. I'LL GET IT FOR YOU!

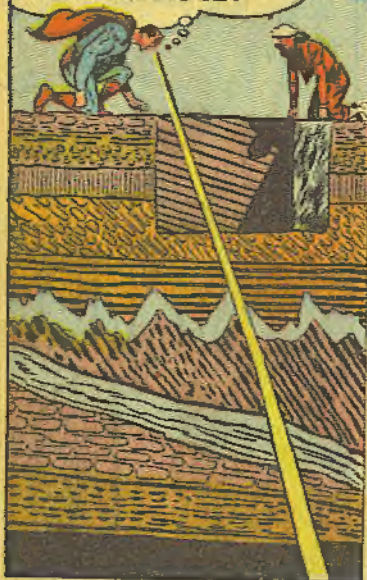


SHOULDN'T BE DIFFICULT TO SPOT THAT CHANGE WITH MY X-RAY VISION! AH, THERE IT IS, AND... OH-OH! WHAT'S THAT?



WHAT IS IT THAT SUPERMAN'S X-RAY SIGHT HAS PICKED UP? LET'S FOLLOW HIS LINE OF VISION AND SEE!

WOW! A STATUE OF SUPERMAN! BUT IT'S TWO THOUSAND FEET UNDERGROUND! IT'S INCREDIBLE!



IT'S RIGHT DOWN THERE, LOIS! I'LL JUST PICK THIS GRATING UP AND GET IT FOR YOU!

YOU'RE A DEAR, SUPERMAN. THAT CONTAINED MY LUNCH MONEY FOR THE WEEK-- AND I SURE CAN USE IT!



THANKS A MILLION, SUPERMAN. HOW ABOUT WALKING ME BACK TO THE OFFICE?

I'M SORRY, LOIS! BUT I'M--ER-- BUSY. ("--IT'S THE SAME ANSWER CLARK GAVE LOIS--BUT IT DOESN'T BOTHER HER WHEN SUPERMAN TELLS HER THAT!")



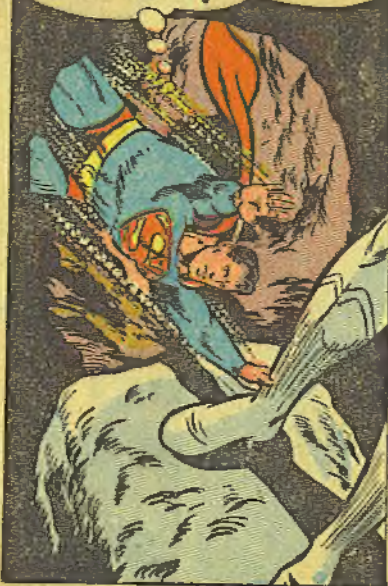
AND AFTER EVERYONE HAS LEFT THE GROUNDS...

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO CHECK UP ON THAT STATUE I SAW DOWN IN THE EARTH. COULD BE I WAS IMAGINING IT. BUT I'LL SOON FIND OUT!

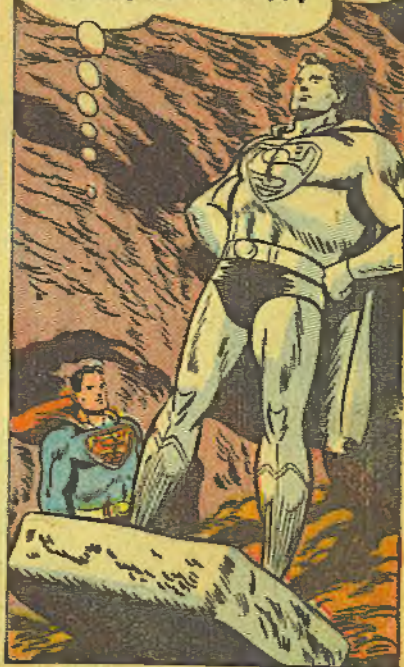


DOWN INTO THE EARTH, BURROWING HIS WAY THROUGH LAYER AFTER LAYER OF ROCK FORMATIONS, GOES THE MAN OF TOMORROW, UNTIL...

I OUGHT TO BE REACHING THAT SPOT WHERE I SAW THAT STATUE PRETTY SOON! ULP! THIS IS IT!



IT'S... FANTASTIC! HOW IN THE WORLD DID IT GET DOWN HERE? AND WHY? FOR WHAT POSSIBLE REASON IS THERE A STATUE OF ME THIS FAR UNDERGROUND ???



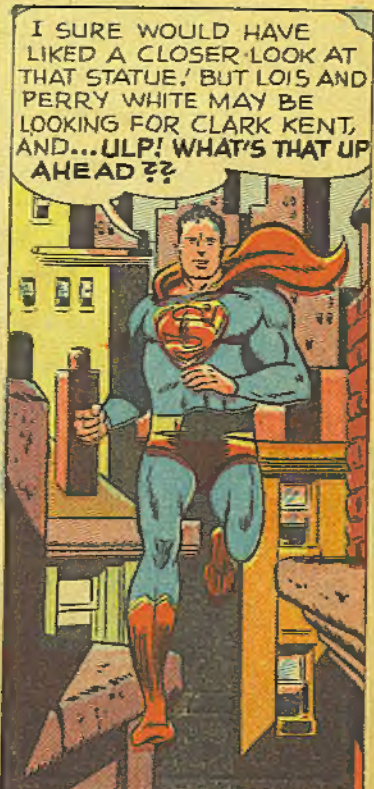


THIS STATUE SEEMS TO BE MADE OUT OF SOME SUBSTANCE SIMILAR TO PLASTIC! I'LL TAKE IT BACK WITH ME SO I CAN EXAMINE IT MORE CLOSELY!

AND WHEN **SUPERMAN** RETURNS TO THE SITE OF THE HOUSING PROJECT...



THE TROUBLE IS I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE OFFICE AS CLARK KENT NOW! I'LL JUST LEAVE THE STATUE OVER THE TUNNEL I MADE, AND RETURN HERE LATER!



I SURE WOULD HAVE LIKED A CLOSER LOOK AT THAT STATUE, BUT LOIS AND PERRY WHITE MAY BE LOOKING FOR CLARK KENT, AND... ULP! WHAT'S THAT UP AHEAD??

WHAT IS IT THAT CAUSES THE MAN OF TOMORROW TO STOP SHORT IN MID-AIR? A STRANGE SIGHT INDEED!



ANOTHER GIANT STATUE OF ME-- FASTENED TO THAT BALLOON! BUT IT'S SO HEAVY, IT'S CARRYING THE BALLOON DOWN WITH IT! IT'S GOING TO CRASH INTO THE CROWDS IN THE STREET BELOW!

WITH ONLY SECONDS TO SPARE AS THE GIANT STATUE HURTTES STREETWARD, THE MAN OF STEEL THUNDERBOLTS OVER TO IT, AND...



WHEW! THIS STATUE CAN'T DO ANY HARM NOW! I'M CRUSHING IT TO BITS! BUT WHERE ON EARTH ARE THESE GIANT REPLICAS OF ME COMING FROM?? AND WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

LOOK! IT'S SUPERMAN!

WOW! GOOD THING HE GOT HERE IN TIME!

I SURE THOUGHT WE WERE GONERS!

EVEN AS THE MAN OF TOMORROW PONDERES THE PROBLEM OF THE SUPERMAN STATUES, ELSEWHERE IN TOWN THERE IS MALEVOLENT MIRTH...

HA! ALREADY SUPERMAN HAS HELPED US MAKE A SMALL FORTUNE! AND THE BEAUTY OF IT IS THAT THE POOR FOOL WILL NEVER KNOW THE REAL MEANING OF THOSE STATUES.

YOU'RE A CARD, MORKO! THAT SUPER-SAP IS JUST ABOUT READY TO FALL FOR OUR NEXT STUNT!



AND IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET...

IT JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE! WHAT IN THE WORLD WAS THAT STATUE OF ME DOING DOWN THERE? AND HOW'D IT GET THERE?

CLARK! THERE'S A BIG STORY, BREAKING! PERRY WHITE WANTS TO SEE YOU RIGHT AWAY!



--AND THE DIVER HAS DISAPPEARED NEAR THE SUBMERGED WRECK! UNFORTUNATELY, THERE ARE NO RESCUE CRAFT IN THE AREA...

HEAR THAT, CLARK? THERE'S A DIVER IN TROUBLE OUT AT SEA AND NO POSSIBLE WAY TO RESCUE HIM IN TIME! IT'S A TERRIFIC HUMAN INTEREST YARN!



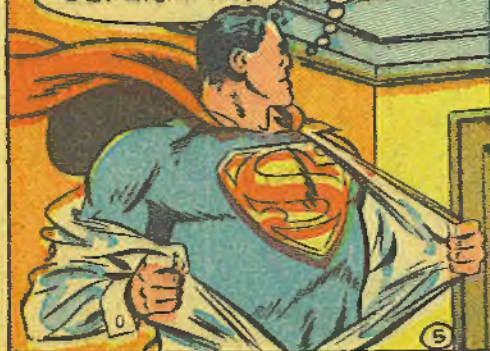
I'D LIKE TO WRITE THE STORY, CHIEF! BUT I'M GOING TO BE ER--

I KNOW! YOU'RE GOING TO BE-- BUSY! FORGET ABOUT HIM, PERRY! I'LL WRITE THE STORY ABOUT THAT POOR DIVER!



ALONE IN HIS OFFICE, CLARK KENT MAKES A RAPID CHANGE OF COSTUME...

WITH NO RESCUE CRAFT IN THE VICINITY TO SAVE THAT DIVER, HE'S A DEAD DUCK FOR SURE! THAT IS, UNLESS I CAN GET TO HIM FIRST AS--
SUPERMAN!



WITH EYE-BLURRING SPEED, THE MAN OF TOMORROW HURTLES OUT OVER THE OCEAN TOWARD THE SPOT REPORTED IN THE RADIO S.O.S.!

SUPERMAN! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE HERE! THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY SENT US OUT HERE TO SEARCH FOR THE SUNKEN SPANISH GALLEY ESTRELLA! OUR DIVER'S IN TROUBLE DOWN THERE!



RIGHT! I ONLY HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO SAVE HIM!



WHEW! THAT DIVER SURE WENT DOWN PLENTY FAR! BUT HE SHOULD BE AROUND HERE SOMEPLACE... AH! THERE HE IS! BUT HIS LINE IS FOULED UNDER THAT PILE OF ROCKS!



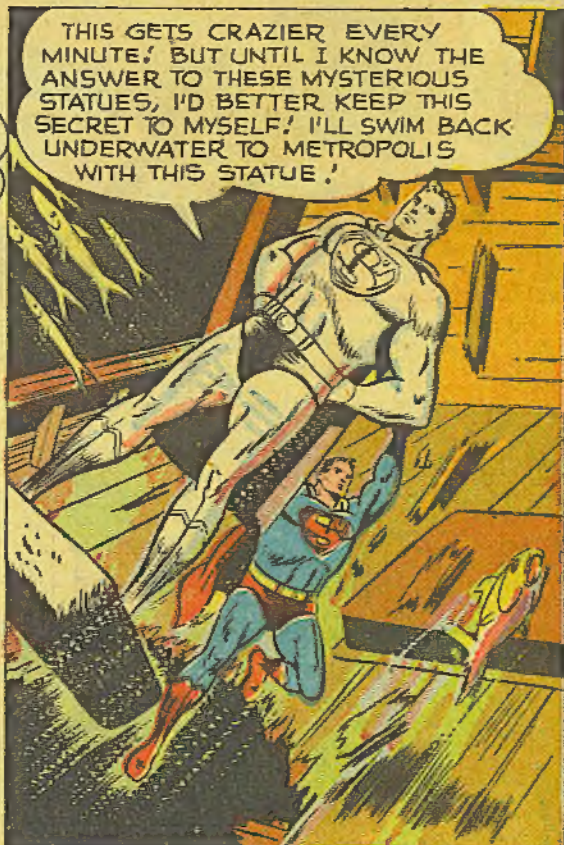
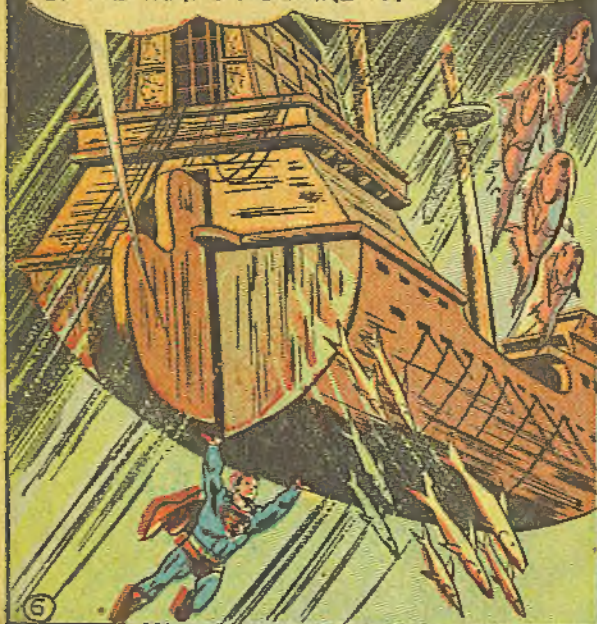
I'VE GOT HIM LOOSE! AND MY SUPER-HEARING TELLS ME THAT THE POOR FELLOW'S STILL BREATHING! THEY CAN PULL HIM UP NOW! AND IN THE MEANTIME, I THINK I'LL JUST CHECK ON THAT REPORTED WRECK!



HMM...THERE IS A SHIP LODGED UNDER ALL THAT MUD! AND IT'S... **GREAT SCOTT!** ANOTHER SUPERMAN STATUE! AND THIS TIME IT'S INSIDE A SHIP THAT'S BEEN SUNK SINCE THE YEAR 1300!

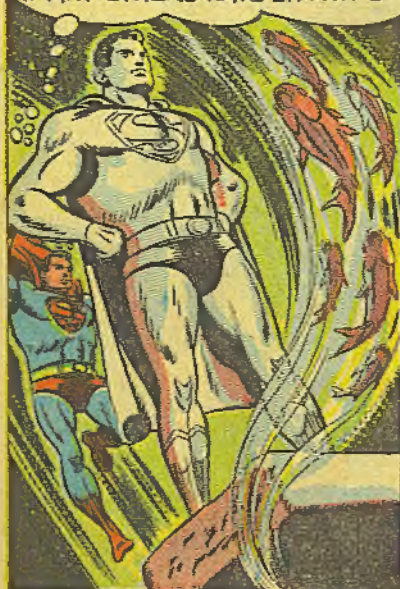
WITH ONE TERRIFIC SURGE OF SUPER-STRENGTH, THE MAN OF STEEL RIPS THE WRECKED GALLEY FROM ITS OCEANIC GRAVE, AND...

I'LL GET THIS UP CLOSER TO THE SURFACE SO THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY CAN GET TO IT MORE EASILY! BUT BEFORE THEY DO, I WANT TO HAVE A GOOD LOOK AT THAT STATUE OF ME THAT'S ABOARD IT!



THIS GETS CRAZIER EVERY MINUTE! BUT UNTIL I KNOW THE ANSWER TO THESE MYSTERIOUS STATUES, I'D BETTER KEEP THIS SECRET TO MYSELF! I'LL SWIM BACK UNDERWATER TO METROPOLIS WITH THIS STATUE!

ALL I KNOW ABOUT THE THREE STATUES I FOUND IS THAT THEY'RE MADE OF PLASTIC! I'LL LEAVE THIS ONE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA, GET BACK TO THE DAILY PLANET, AND SEE IF ANY OTHERS HAVE SHOWN UP!



AND WHEN SUPERMAN ARRIVES AT THE DAILY PLANET.

SUPERMAN: AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! THE JOHNSTONIAN MUSEUM NEEDS YOU RIGHT AWAY! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED THERE!

OH-OH! I'LL BET I KNOW WHAT THAT "SOMETHING" IS!

THANKS, LOIS! I'LL HOP RIGHT DOWN THERE!



MOMENTS LATER, THE JOHNSTONIAN MUSEUM...

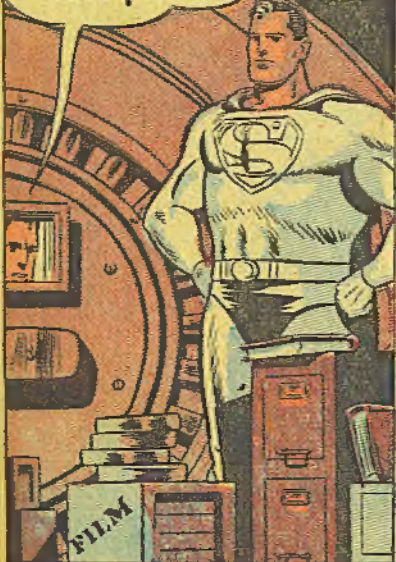
... AND AS I WAS MAKING MY ROUTINE CHECK OF THE VAULT, I SAW IT! IT'S RIGHT IN THERE!

ALL RIGHT, OFFICER! I'LL HAVE A LOOK AT IT!



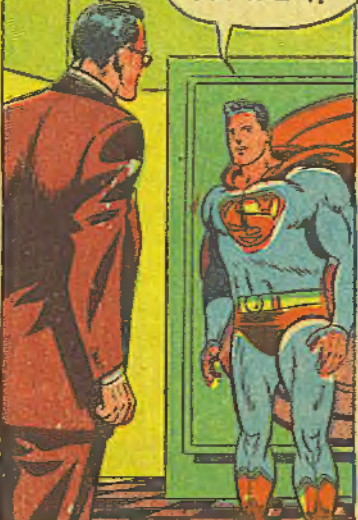
AND AS SUPERMAN PEEKS THROUGH A TRANSPARENT PEEP-HOLE INTO THE SEALED VAULT OF THE FUTURE, CONTAINING RECORDS FOR THE PEOPLE OF TOMORROW...

JUST AS I SUSPECTED! ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE RIDICULOUS STATUES! BUT HOW DID IT GET INSIDE AN AIRTIGHT VAULT?



THE VAULT WILL BE OPENED BY A TIME LOCK IN THE YEAR 2050! BUT UNTIL THEN IT'S SEALED BY AIR PRESSURE LOCKS! THERE'S NO WAY TO OPEN IT WITHOUT BLASTING!

HMM! AND THAT WOULD DESTROY THE CONTENTS OF THE VAULT! BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



THEN, BEFORE THE GUARD'S ASTONISHED EYES, SUPERMAN LIFTS THE 1,000-TON VAULT FROM THE FLOOR, AND...

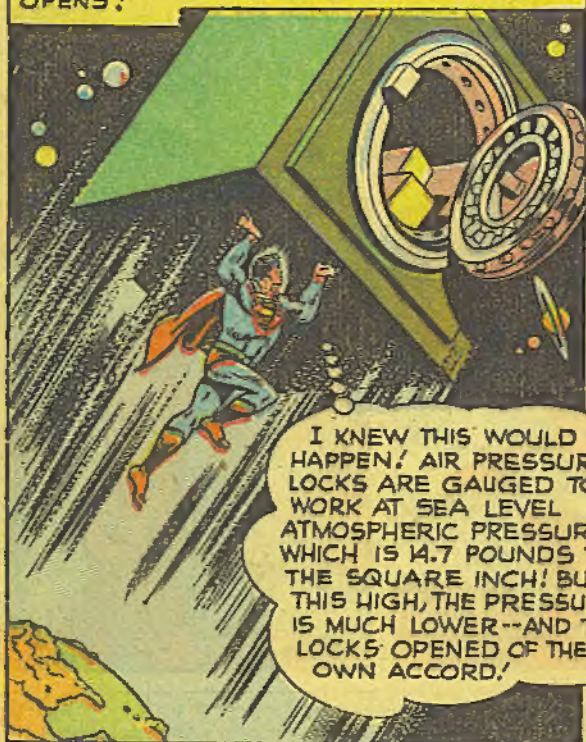
SUPERMAN! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?!



I DON'T KNOW HOW MY STATUE GOT INSIDE AN AIRTIGHT, SEALED VAULT OF THE FUTURE! BUT I THINK I DO KNOW HOW I CAN OPEN THE VAULT!



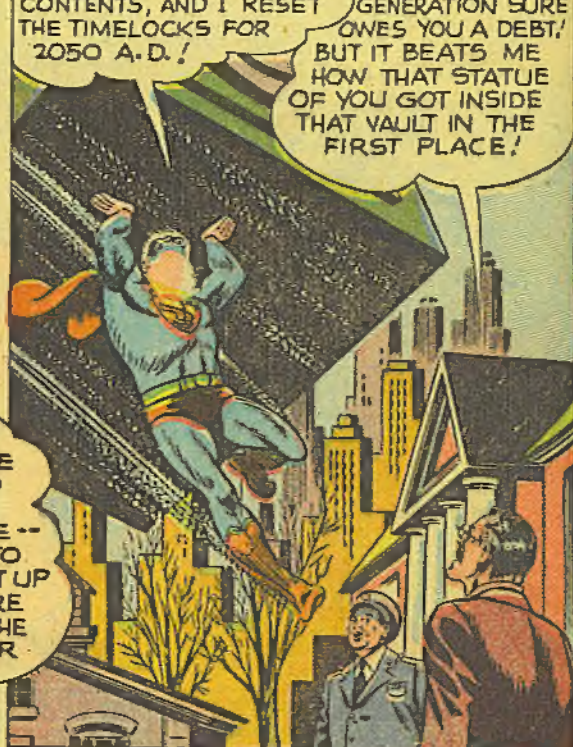
HIGHER AND HIGHER ABOVE THE EARTH'S SURFACE ZOOMS THE MAN OF TOMORROW! AND AT LAST, THE SEALED DOOR MAGICALLY OPENS!



I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN! AIR PRESSURE LOCKS ARE GAUGED TO WORK AT SEA LEVEL ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE-- WHICH IS 14.7 POUNDS TO THE SQUARE INCH! BUT UP THIS HIGH, THE PRESSURE IS MUCH LOWER--AND THE LOCKS OPENED OF THEIR OWN ACCORD!

HERE YOU ARE, OFFICER! I REMOVED THE STATUE WITHOUT DAMAGING THE CONTENTS, AND I RESET THE TIMELOCKS FOR 2050 A.D.!

GOLLY, SUPERMAN! THE FUTURE GENERATION SURE OWES YOU A DEBT! BUT IT BEATS ME HOW THAT STATUE OF YOU GOT INSIDE THAT VAULT IN THE FIRST PLACE!



AND WHILE BOTH THE MUSEUM GUARD AND SUPERMAN PONDER THE MYSTERY OF THE SUPERMAN STATUE, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN...

HA-HA! YOU'RE A CARD, MORKO! BY THIS TIME SUPERMAN MUST BE GOING CRAZY WONDERING WHAT THE STATUES ARE ALL ABOUT!

NO DOUBT! BUT WE MUST NOT UNDERESTIMATE SUPERMAN! WE NEED HIS HELP FOR ONE MORE JOB--AND THEN WE'LL CALL IT QUITS! COME ON!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, AT A NEARBY AIRPORT...

ALL RIGHT, MEN! WE'RE FLYING OUT TO MT. AVERY! GOT ALL MY EQUIPMENT READY?

YEAH, MORKO! I GOT EVERYTHING YOU NEED RIGHT HERE!

AND SOON...

GOSH, MORKO! THIS LAST STUNT OF OURS IS REALLY GOING TO DRIVE SUPERMAN TO THE LOONY BIN!

QUIET, PAL! HAND ME THE INJECTOR ROD AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT! WE'RE RIGHT OVER THE MOUNTAIN NOW!



AS THE HELICOPTER HOVERS MOTIONLESS ABOVE THE MOUNTAIN PEAK, A LONG, THIN TUBING SHOOTS FROM IT LIKE A PROBING FINGER INTO THE EARTH BELOW!



THIS IS MY MOST BRILLIANT INVENTION. THAT TUBING IS CONSTRUCTED OF DURILIUM, MY OWN DISCOVERY! IT CAN PENETRATE ANY KNOWN MATTER... STONE, WOOD, METAL ...

THE TUBING IS HOLLOW! WHEN IT REACHES THE PROPER DEPTH, I JUST POUR IN THIS SPECIAL LIQUID PLASTIC! THEN WE JUST UTILIZE THE SAME PRINCIPLE AS A GLASSBLOWER DOES--



--AND BLOW INTO THE TUBING, AS A CHILD BLOWS INTO A BUBBLE PIPE--THEREBY SHAPING THE LIQUID PLASTIC INTO THE DESIRED SHAPE--IN THIS CASE, A MOLD OF **SUPERMAN**! AND SPEAKING OF **SUPERMAN**, WE'D BETTER FINISH THE JOB AND LEAVE IMMEDIATELY!

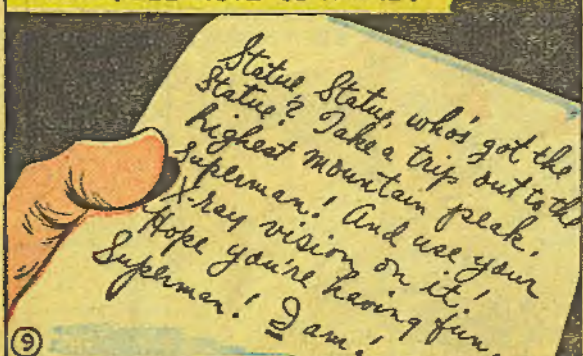


AT THE SAME MOMENT, AT THE *DAILY PLANET*...

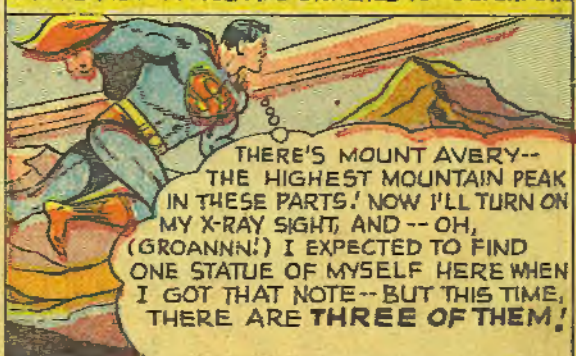
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, CLARK? ONLY ONE CLARK? SOMEONE DROPPED THIS NOTE FOR **SUPERMAN** AT THE DOOR AND LEFT BEFORE I COULD STOP HIM!



AND THIS IS THE CRYPTIC MESSAGE THE MYSTERIOUS NOTE CONTAINS!



A LITTLE LATER, AFTER CLARK KENT LEAVES THE *PLANET* OFFICE AND SWITCHES TO-- **SUPERMAN**.

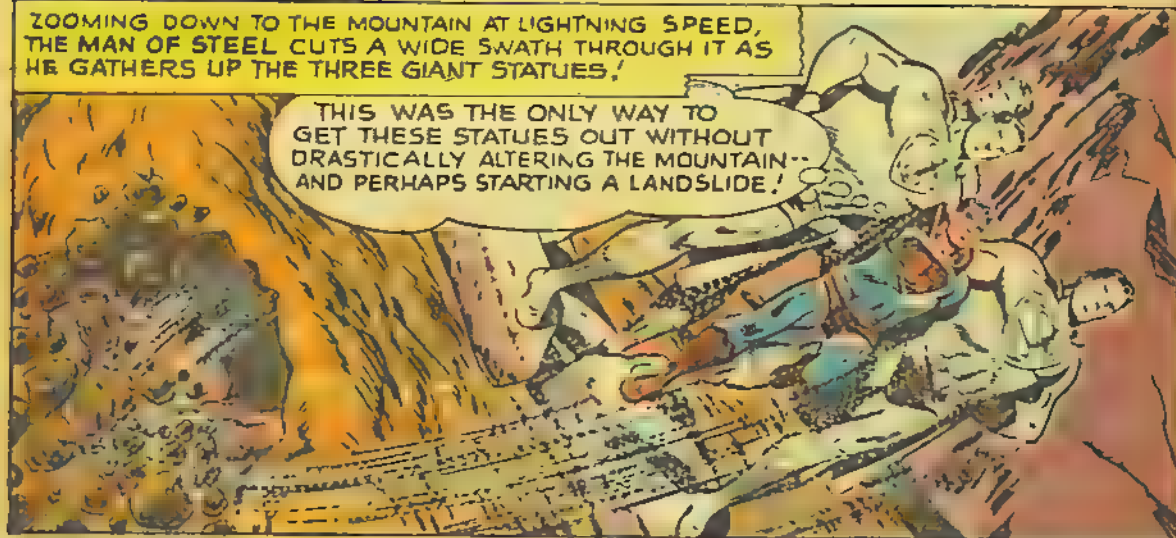


THERE'S MOUNT AVERY--THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN PEAK IN THESE PARTS! NOW I'LL TURN ON MY X-RAY SIGHT, AND -- OH, (GROANNN!) I EXPECTED TO FIND ONE STATUE OF MYSELF HERE WHEN I GOT THAT NOTE-- BUT THIS TIME, THERE ARE **THREE** OF THEM!



ZOOMING DOWN TO THE MOUNTAIN AT LIGHTNING SPEED, THE MAN OF STEEL CUTS A WIDE SWATH THROUGH IT AS HE GATHERS UP THE THREE GIANT STATUES.

THIS WAS THE ONLY WAY TO GET THESE STATUES OUT WITHOUT DRASTICALLY ALTERING THE MOUNTAIN-- AND PERHAPS STARTING A LANDSLIDE!

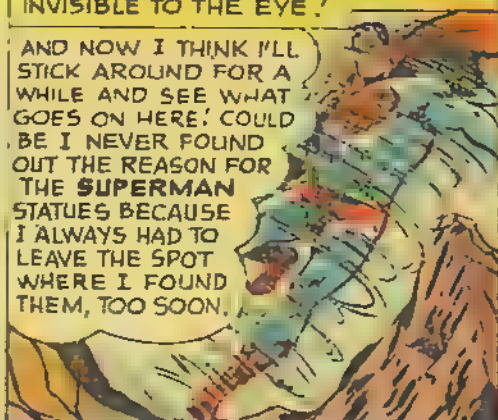


THESE STATUES AREN'T OF ANY USE TO ANYONE NOW! SO I'LL JUST DISPOSE OF THEM LIKE THIS!



WITH THE STATUES DESTROYED, THE MAN OF TOMORROW BEGINS TO WHIRL IN MID-AIR SO RAPIDLY THAT HE IS INVISIBLE TO THE EYE!

AND NOW I THINK I'LL STICK AROUND FOR A WHILE AND SEE WHAT GOES ON HERE! COULD BE I NEVER FOUND OUT THE REASON FOR THE SUPERMAN STATUES BECAUSE I ALWAYS HAD TO LEAVE THE SPOT WHERE I FOUND THEM, TOO SOON.



MEANWHILE, AT THE FOOT OF MT. AVERY...

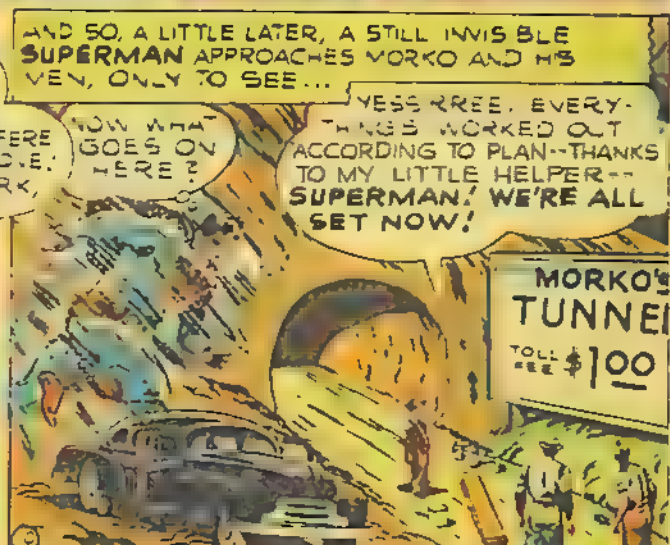
SUPERMAN SURE IS A BIG HELP MORKO. HE DID EXACTLY WHAT WE WANTED HIM TO DO.

YEAH, AND THE BEAUTY OF IT IS-- HE'S NOWHERE AROUND TO INTERFERE WITH OUR NEXT MOVE! LET'S GET TO WORK, MEN!

AND SO, A LITTLE LATER, A STILL INVISIBLE SUPERMAN APPROACHES MORKO AND HIS MEN, ONLY TO SEE...

NOW WHAT GOES ON HERE?

YESS KREE. EVERYTHING'S WORKED OUT ACCORDING TO PLAN-- THANKS TO MY LITTLE HELPER-- SUPERMAN! WE'RE ALL SET NOW!



SO THAT'S IT! MT. AVERY CONNECTS TWO STATES. EVERY DAY, THOUSANDS OF MOTORISTS HAVE HAD TO **CIRCLE** THE MOUNTAIN TO GET THROUGH! BUT NOW MORKO CAN CLEAN UP \$25,000 A DAY BY LETTING THEM PASS THIS WAY!

AND I MADE THE TUNNEL FOR MORKO! IN FACT, WE BEEN A PERFECT STOOGE FOR HIM BY RACKING DOWN THOSE STATUES OF **SUPERMAN!** BUT MAYBE IT ISN'T TOO LATE TO UNDO THINGS! I'LL START AT THE BEGINNING.

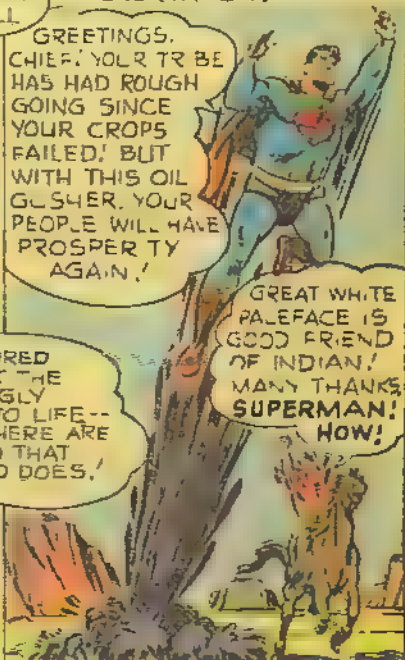
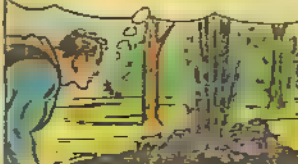
BURROWING DEEP INTO THE EARTH, **SUPERMAN** RE-CHANNELS THE BORED SOURCE OF THE GUSHER BRINGING IT UP ON A BARREN INDIAN RESERVATION!

GREETINGS, CHIEF! YOUR TRIBE HAS HAD ROUGH GOING SINCE YOUR CROPS FAILED! BUT WITH THIS OIL GUSHER, YOUR PEOPLE WILL HAVE PROSPERITY AGAIN!

GREAT WHITE PALEFACE IS GOOD FRIEND OF INDIAN! MANY THANKS, **SUPERMAN!** HOW!

IN THE NEXT MOMENT, **SUPERMAN** ZOOMS THRU SPACE TOWARD THE SITE OF THE FIRST **SUPERMAN** STATUE...

AN OLD GUSHER, WHEN I BORED INTO THE EARTH TO DIG OUT THE FIRST STATUE, I UNWITTINGLY BROUGHT THAT GUSHER TO LIFE-- ON MORKO'S LAND! BUT THERE ARE OTHER PEOPLE WHO NEED THAT GUSHER MORE THAN MORKO DOES!



NEXT, THE **MAN OF TOMORROW** HURTTLES OVER THE SEA!

THE METROPOLIS MUSEUM COULD USE THAT TREASURE!

HA! IF **SUPERMAN** ONLY KNEW THAT MORKO PUT THAT STATUE OF HIM DOWN BELOW SO THAT HE WOULD BE TRICKED INTO RAISING THIS GALLEY SHIP WITH A TREASURE CHEST ABOARD IT!

STILL INVISIBLE TO THE BAND OF MORKO MEN, **SUPERMAN** DIRECTS HIS SUPER-VOICE IN VENTRILOQUISM TOWARD THE CHEST, AND...

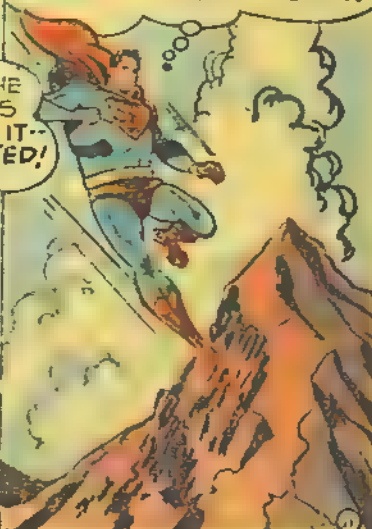


PUT ME DOWN. I BELONG ON THE **ESTRELLA!** LET ME GO!

EEOW! THE CHEST IS TALKIN'! IT-- IT'S HAUNTED!

IN THE NEXT MOMENT, THE **MAN OF TOMORROW** ZOOMS ACROSS SPACE BACK TO MT. AVERY!

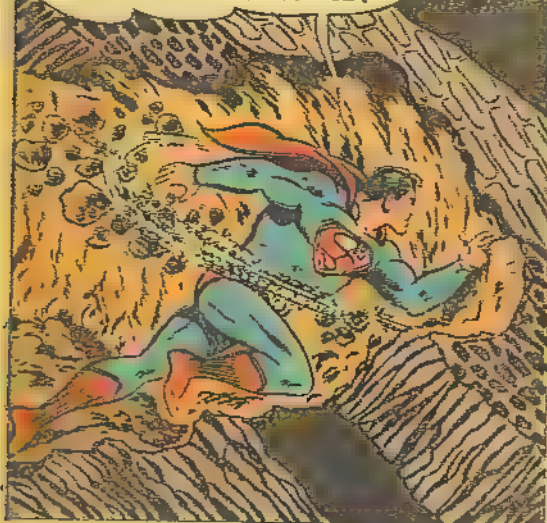
THAT TREASURE CHEST IS SAFE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN! I'LL RETRIEVE IT LATER FOR THE MUSEUM-- AFTER I TAKE CARE OF MORKO'S TUNNEL PROJECT!





WITH SUPER-SPEED, **SUPERMAN** BURROWS A **SECOND** TUNNEL THROUGH MT. AVERY, ADJACENT TO THE FIRST ONE!

THE STATUE THE BALLOON CARRIED OVER METROPOLIS AND THE ONE IN THE VAULT OF THE FUTURE WERE JUST RED HERRINGS MORKO USED TO PREVENT ME FROM GUESSING THE REAL PURPOSE OF THE OTHER STATUES. WHICH MEANS **THIS IS MY LAST CHORE!**



AND SOON...

SUPERMAN! WHAT'S GOING ON?

SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, MORKO! BUT I DON'T THINK **YOUR** TUNNEL WILL BE DOING MUCH BUSINESS! YOUR PLANTED STATUES WERE A BRIGHT IDEA TO TRICK ME INTO MAKING FREE PROFITS FOR YOU-- BUT I'VE TAKEN CARE OF THE GUSHER AND THE TREASURE TOO!

SUPER-TUNNEL
CONNECTS TWO STATES!
SAVE 6 HOURS TIME!
FREE! FREE!
NO CHARGE!

OKAY! YOU OUTSMARTED ME, **SUPERMAN!** BUT YOU CAN'T ARREST ME! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING ILLEGAL!

HE'S RIGHT! HE DIDN'T BREAK ANY LAWS! ALL HE DID WAS USE MY SUPER-POWERS FOR HIS OWN ENDS! BUT A TRICKSTER LIKE HIM SHOULDN'T GO FREE!



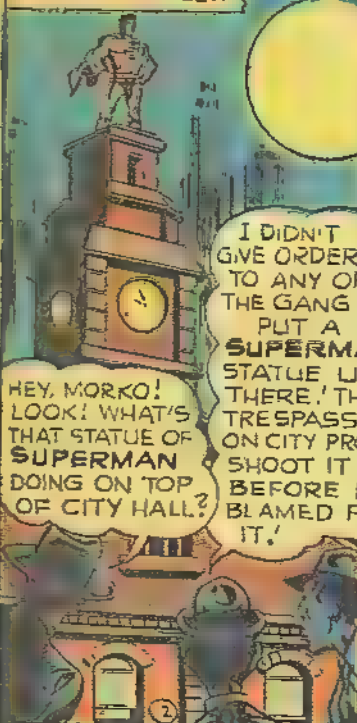
LATER, AS A DISGUSTED MORKO RETURNS TO METROPOLIS AND PASSES THE CITY HALL...

SOON FROM BELOW COMES A RAIN OF HAND GRENADES AND TOMMY GUN BULLETS! BUT THE IMMOBILE FIGURE REMAINS FIXED... DOES NOT MOVE!

AND WHEN THE ARTILLERY BARRAGE IS EXHAUSTED... THE "STATUE" COMES TO LIFE!

YIPE! IT WASN'T ONE OF MY STATUES! IT'S **SUPERMAN!**

RIGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME, MORKO! AND NOW YOU'LL SERVE TWO YEARS IN JAIL! I'M TURNING YOU OVER TO THE POLICE FOR ASSAULT AND BATTERY!



HEY, MORKO! LOOK! WHAT'S THAT STATUE OF **SUPERMAN** DOING ON TOP OF CITY HALL?

I DIDN'T GIVE ORDERS TO ANY OF THE GANG TO PUT A **SUPERMAN** STATUE UP THERE! THAT'S TRESPASSING ON CITY PROPERTY! SHOOT IT OFF BEFORE I'M BLAMED FOR IT!



THE NEXT DAY AS LOIS LANE AND CLARK KENT STROLL THROUGH THE PARK...

LOOK, CLARK! ISN'T THAT A BEAUTIFUL STATUE OF **SUPERMAN** THE PARK COMMISSION ERECTED HERE?

I'VE HAD ALL I WANT OF LOOKING AT **SUPERMAN** STATUES, LOIS! COME ON! LET'S GO TO THE ZOO!



MORE SMASH **SUPERMAN** STORIES IN WORLD'S FINEST COMICS AND **SUPERMAN COMICS** NOW ON SALE

Tommy TOMORROW

COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS IS THE GREATEST HERO OF SPACE IN THE YEAR 2050. BUT YEARS BEFORE HIS TIME, IN THE DAYS WHEN SPACE-VOYAGING WAS NEW, THERE WERE OTHER HEROES -- THE PIONEERS OF SPACE WHO ARE NOW AGING, FORGOTTEN MEN! BUT TOMMY TOMORROW DOES NOT FORGET, AND HE LEADS A PERILOUS STRUGGLE TO MAKE A PLACE IN THE WORLD OF 2050 FOR THE GREAT PIONEERS WHO ARE...

"The FORGOTTEN HEROES OF SPACE!"

THOSE OLD HAS-BEENS THINK THEY CAN STILL FLY SPACE!

ONE DAY, AS COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW, OF THE PLANETEERS, VISITS PRESIDENT GILSON, OF INTER-SPACE SHIPLINES, ON A ROUTINE MATTER...

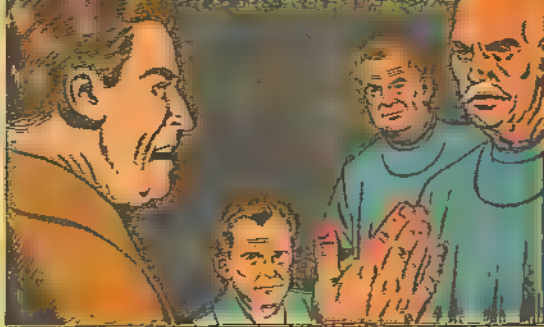
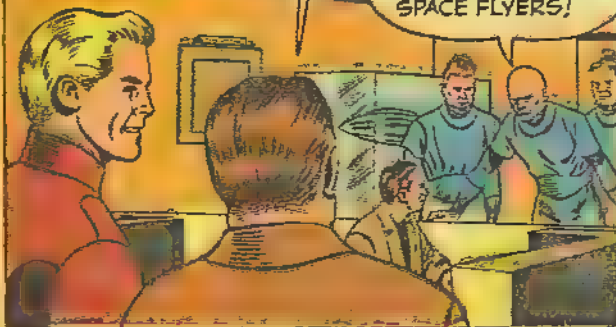
THANKS FOR THAT DATA, MR. GILSON!

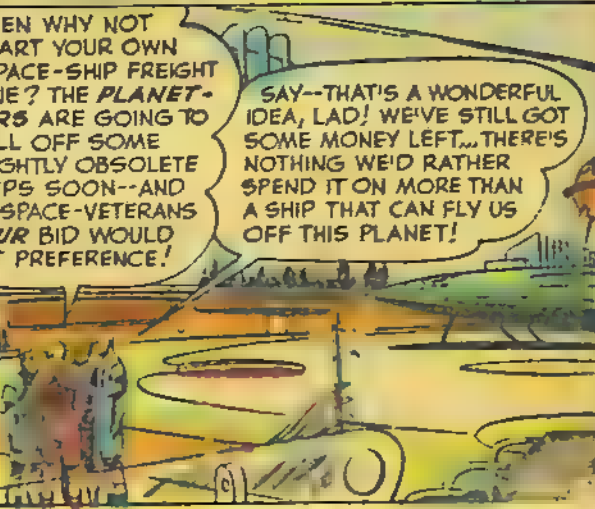
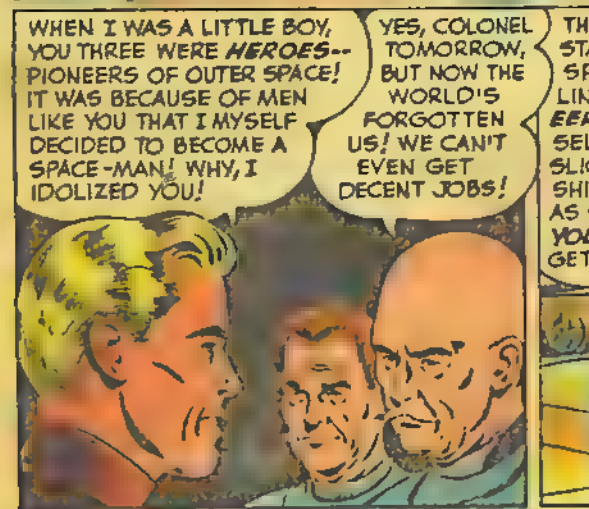
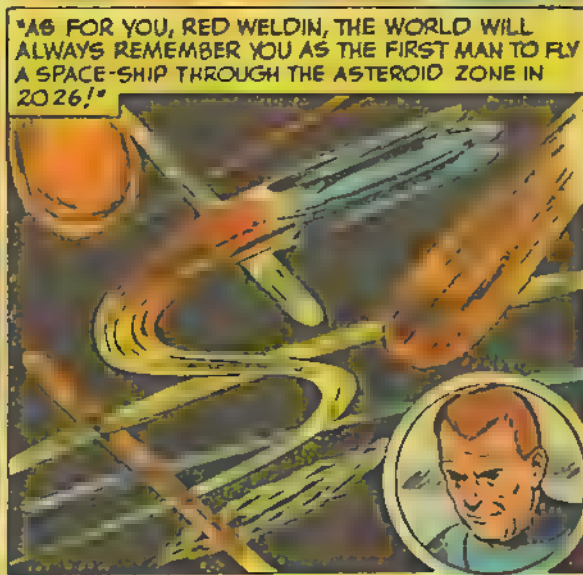
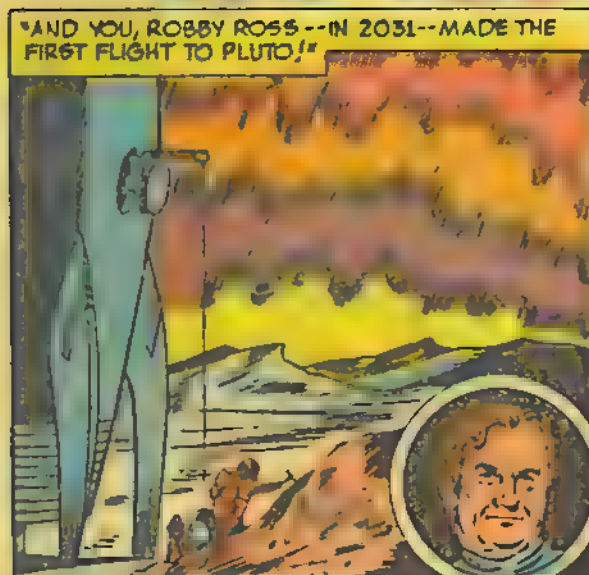
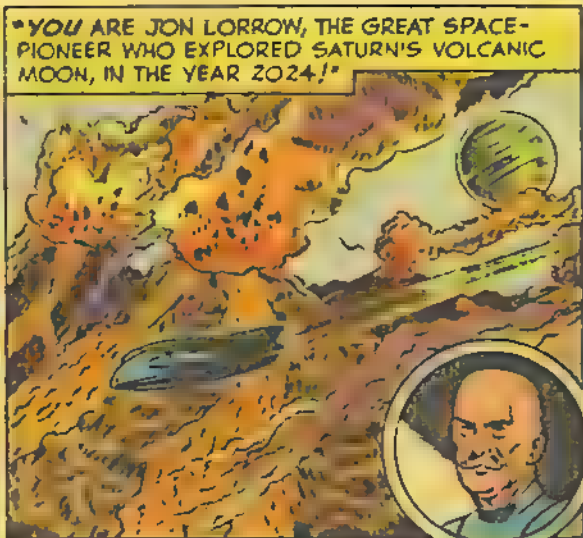
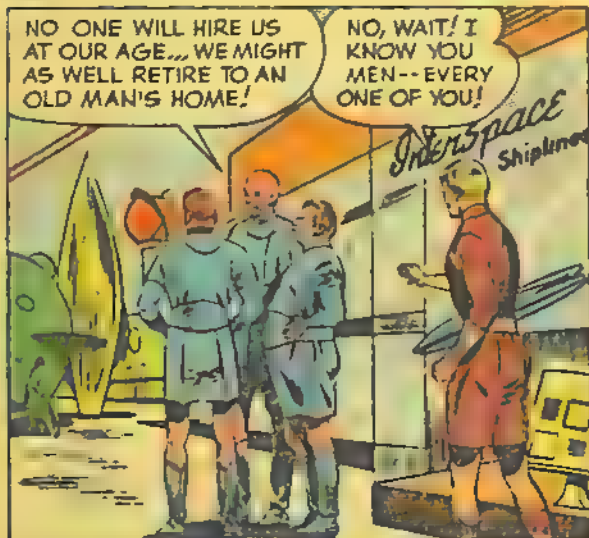
ALWAYS GLAD TO OBLIGE THE PLANETEERS, COLONEL TOMORROW!

COULD YOUR SHIPLINE USE US? WE'RE EXPERIENCED SPACE FLYERS!

JUST A MINUTE... YOU MEN ARE TOO OLD! WE CAN'T EMPLOY YOU HERE -- PILOTING SPACE-SHIPS IS A YOUNG MAN'S JOB!

COME ON, MEN--IT'S THE SAME ANSWER WE GET EVERYWHERE! WE'RE SIMPLY WASHED UP!





THUS, THE THREE SPACE PIONEERS LEARN THAT THE **PLANETEERS**, AT LEAST, HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN THE HEROES OF THE PAST!

YOUR BID WAS ACCEPTED, MEN-- THESE SHIPS BELONG TO YOU, NOW! AND MY COMMANDER GAVE ME A LEAVE OF ABSENCE SO THAT I CAN HELP YOU ESTABLISH YOUR SPACE-FREIGHT LINE!

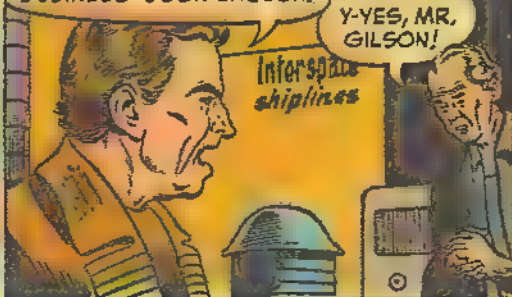
WONDERFUL, COLONEL TOMORROW! WE'LL HAVE OUR COMPANY STARTED IN NO TIME!



BUT WHEN THE NEWS REACHES THE PRESIDENT OF MIGHTY **INTERSPACE SHIPLINES**...

WHAT?! THOSE OLD SPACE-MEN HAVE STARTED THEIR OWN FREIGHT LINE? I WON'T HAVE IT... WE'VE GOT ENOUGH COMPETITION WITHOUT THOSE HAS-BEENS HORNING IN! BUY UP AND MONOPOLIZE ANY EXTRA SPARE PARTS THEY'LL BE NEEDING... WE'LL PUT THEM OUT OF BUSINESS SOON ENOUGH!

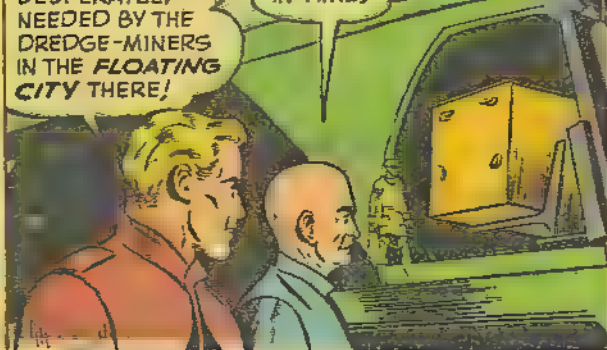
Y-YES, MR. GILSON!



SOON, THE NEW LITTLE SHIPPING LINE GETS ITS FIRST BUSINESS...

YOU'RE TO RUN THIS CARGO OF ATOMIC FUEL TO NEPTUNE -- IT'S DESPERATELY NEEDED BY THE DREDGE-MINERS IN THE **FLOATING CITY** THERE!

IT'LL TAKE SOME HIGH-SPEED, BUT THESE SHIPS ARE FAST ENOUGH-- WE'LL MAKE IT IN TIME!

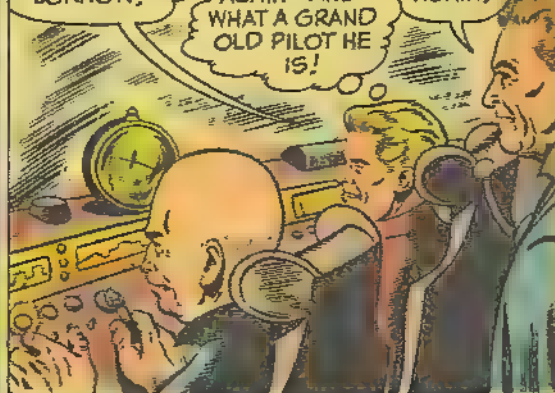


AND THE SPACE-MEN OF OLD TAKE TO THE SKY AGAIN!

THAT WAS A FINE TAKE-OFF, LORROW!

HE'S EAGER TO HANDLE A SHIP AGAIN--AND WHAT A GRAND OLD PILOT HE IS!

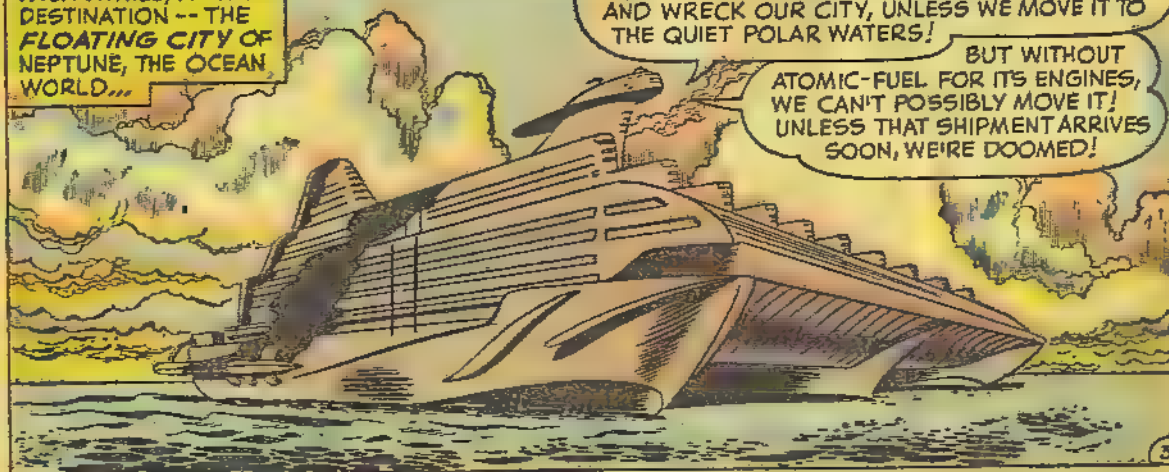
AH-H-H... IT'S GOOD TO HIT SPACE AGAIN!



MEANWHILE, AT THEIR DESTINATION -- THE **FLOATING CITY OF NEPTUNE**, THE OCEAN WORLD...

EQUATORIAL STORMS WILL BREAK ANY MINUTE-- AND WRECK OUR CITY, UNLESS WE MOVE IT TO THE QUIET POLAR WATERS!

BUT WITHOUT ATOMIC-FUEL FOR ITS ENGINES, WE CAN'T POSSIBLY MOVE IT! UNLESS THAT SHIPMENT ARRIVES SOON, WE'RE DOOMED!



BUT MINUTES LATER, AS THE VETERANS' SHIP APPROACHES NEPTUNE...

OH, NO! SOME OF THE **BRAKE-ROCKETS** BLEW OUT! WE CAN'T LAND SAFELY WITHOUT THEM!

AND WE HAVE NO SPARE ROCKET-TUBES! I COULDN'T BUY ANY SINCE GILSON'S COMPANY CORNERED THEM ALL!

BOOM!

BLAM!

BUT WE **MUST** LAND THIS CARGO OF FUEL IN THE FLOATING CITY! THOUSANDS OF LIVES DEPEND ON IT!

WAIT A MINUTE... IN THE OLD DAYS -- BEFORE **BRAKE-ROCKETS** WERE INVENTED, WE SIMPLY REVERSED THE SHIP AND LANDED IT BACKWARDS! WHY NOT TRY IT NOW?

AND AN OLDTIME PILOT'S TRICK SAVES THE DAY AS THE CRAFT BACKS DOWN.

RETURNING TO EARTH, THE VALIANT VETS MUST IMMEDIATELY TAKE OFF AGAIN, ON ANOTHER EMERGENCY MISSION...

THEY NEED THIS ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT BADLY IN THE BIG JUPITER FARM-COLONY TO REPEL **GIANT CROP-PESTS!**

WE'LL GET IT THERE... THOUGH WITHOUT SPARE PARTS FOR OUR SHIP, IT'S RISKY!

HOORAY! THE FUEL CAME -- JUST IN TIME!

NOW WE CAN MOVE OUR CITY TO SAFE WATERS!

SUDDENLY, WAY OUT IN SPACE...

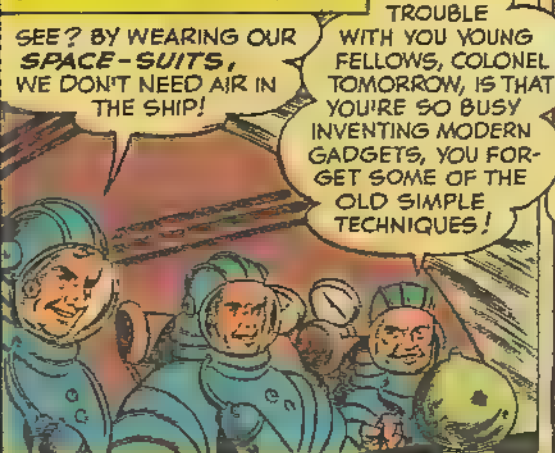
OUR **OXYGEN PUMP'S BROKEN!** AND WE HAVE NO SPARE PARTS TO REPAIR IT! WE'LL DIE OF SLOW SUFFOCATION!

NO WE WON'T! I RECALL A TRICK WE USED IN THE OLD DAYS, WHEN AIR-SUPPLY RAN OUT! LISTEN...

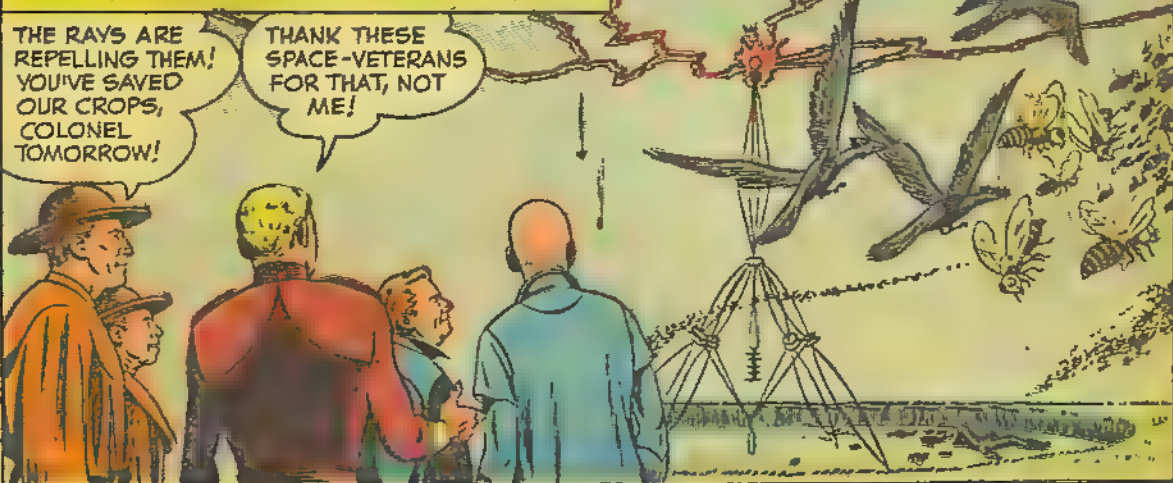
CRACK

SOME LIGHTNING-QUICK ORDERS--AND THE AIRLESS SHIP BECOMES MANNED BY A STRANGE-LOOKING CREW...

PRESENTLY, ON A JUPITER FARM, DIRELY BESET BY GIANT BIRDS AND INSECTS OF THAT WORLD...

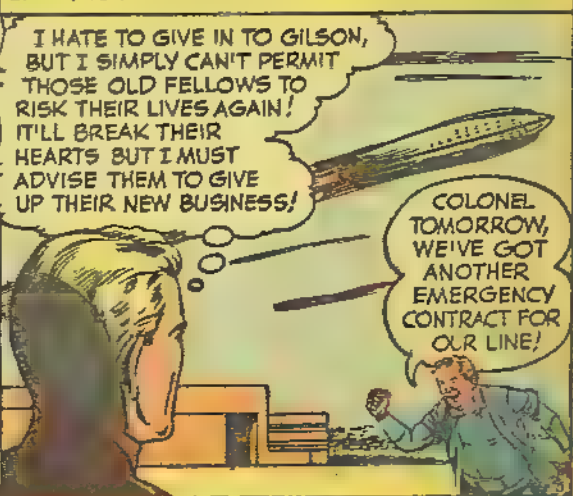
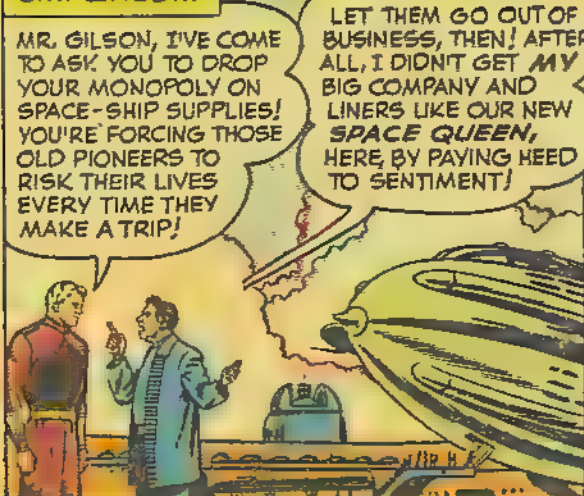


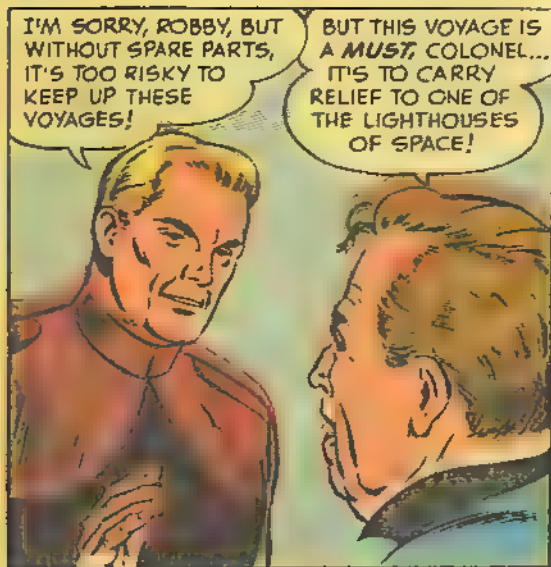
HASTILY, ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT IS SET UP, AND...



LATER, AT THE EARTH PORT OF **INTERSPACE SHIPLINES**...

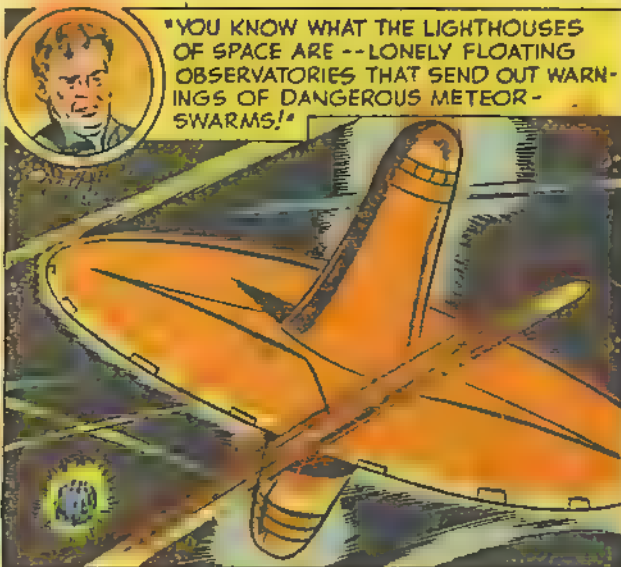
AND AS GILSON TAKES OFF IN HIS NEW SPACE-LINER, TOMMY IS FORCED INTO A PAINFUL DECISION...



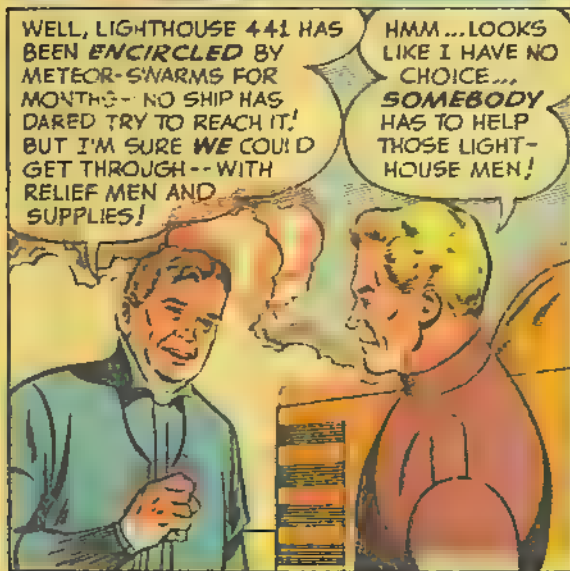


I'M SORRY, ROBBY, BUT WITHOUT SPARE PARTS, IT'S TOO RISKY TO KEEP UP THESE VOYAGES!

BUT THIS VOYAGE IS A **MUST**, COLONEL... IT'S TO CARRY RELIEF TO ONE OF THE LIGHTHOUSES OF SPACE!

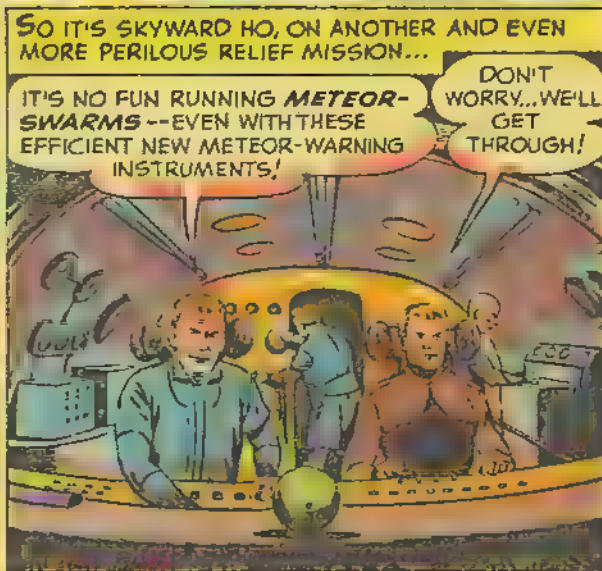


YOU KNOW WHAT THE LIGHTHOUSES OF SPACE ARE -- LONELY FLOATING OBSERVATORIES THAT SEND OUT WARNINGS OF DANGEROUS METEOR-SWARMS!



WELL, LIGHTHOUSE 441 HAS BEEN **ENCIRCLED** BY METEOR-SWARMS FOR MONTHS-- NO SHIP HAS DARED TRY TO REACH IT! BUT I'M SURE **WE** COULD GET THROUGH-- WITH RELIEF MEN AND SUPPLIES!

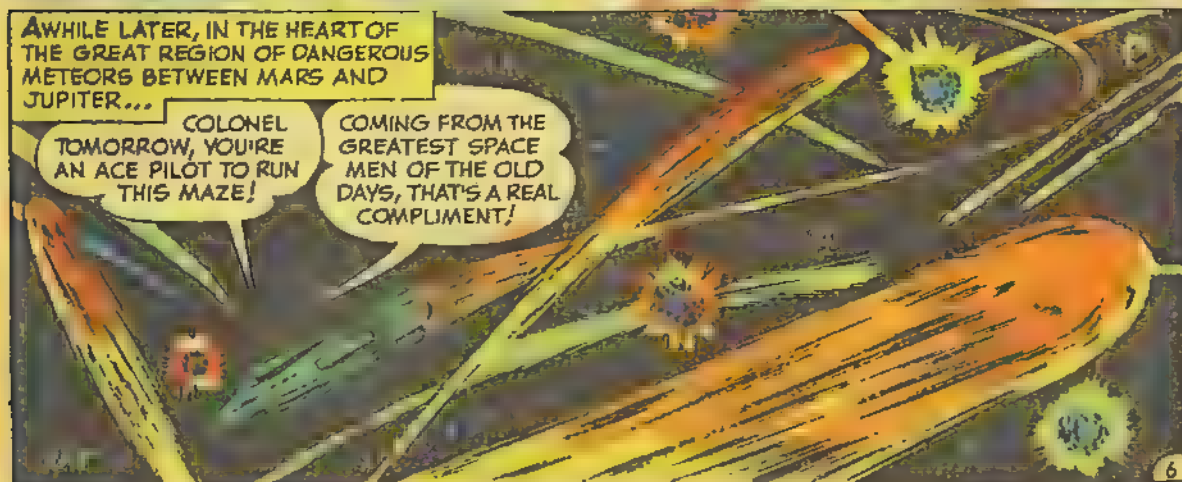
HMM... LOOKS LIKE I HAVE NO CHOICE... **SOMEBODY** HAS TO HELP THOSE LIGHTHOUSE MEN!



SO IT'S SKYWARD HO, ON ANOTHER AND EVEN MORE PERILOUS RELIEF MISSION...

IT'S NO FUN RUNNING **METEOR-SWARMS**-- EVEN WITH THESE EFFICIENT NEW METEOR-WARNING INSTRUMENTS!

DON'T WORRY... WE'LL GET THROUGH!



AWHILE LATER, IN THE HEART OF THE GREAT REGION OF DANGEROUS METEORS BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER...

COLONEL TOMORROW, YOU'RE AN ACE PILOT TO RUN THIS MAZE!

COMING FROM THE GREATEST SPACE MEN OF THE OLD DAYS, THAT'S A REAL COMPLIMENT!

JUST THEN...

GREAT SCOTT! THE METEOR-OMETERS HAVE BLOWN OUT UNDER THE STRAIN OF CONSTANT USE! AND WE HAVE NO REPLACEMENT INSTRUMENTS!

WITHOUT THEM, WE WON'T LAST TEN MINUTES IN THIS REGION!

WELDIN, YOU RAN THIS ASTEROID ZONE, IN THE OLD DAYS, WITH-OUT INSTRUMENTS! I CAN DO IT NOW, IF YOU HELP ME BY CALLING OUT THE WARNINGS!

I--I'M AFRAID... I'M NOT THE MAN I USED TO BE, LAD! BUT I'LL TRY!

AND IN A DOOM-LADEN CRISIS, THE SUPREME SKILL OF A SPACE-NAVIGATOR OF OLD COMBINES WITH THE PILOTING GENIUS OF TOMMY TOMORROW...

ASTEROID COMING AT US FROM FOUR O'CLOCK! SMALL TRIPLE METEOR AT NINE O'CLOCK!

ATTABOY, RED... WE'RE NEARLY THROUGH THE ZONE!

FINALLY, AT THE HARASSED LIGHTHOUSE...

HERE YOU ARE... RELIEF MEN AND SUPPLIES!

THANKS A MILLION, COLONEL! WE DIDN'T THINK ANY SHIP COULD GET THROUGH THAT ASTEROID REGION!

SUDDENLY, A STARTLING MESSAGE FROM THE VOID...

LINER SPACE QUEEN CALLING! S.O.S.! WE'RE CAUGHT IN THE COSMIC WHIRLPOOL! OUR GENERATORS FAILED WHEN WE TRIED TO GET FREE!

GOSH... GILSON AND HUNDREDS OF OTHERS ARE TRAPPED ON THAT LINER! WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM OUT!

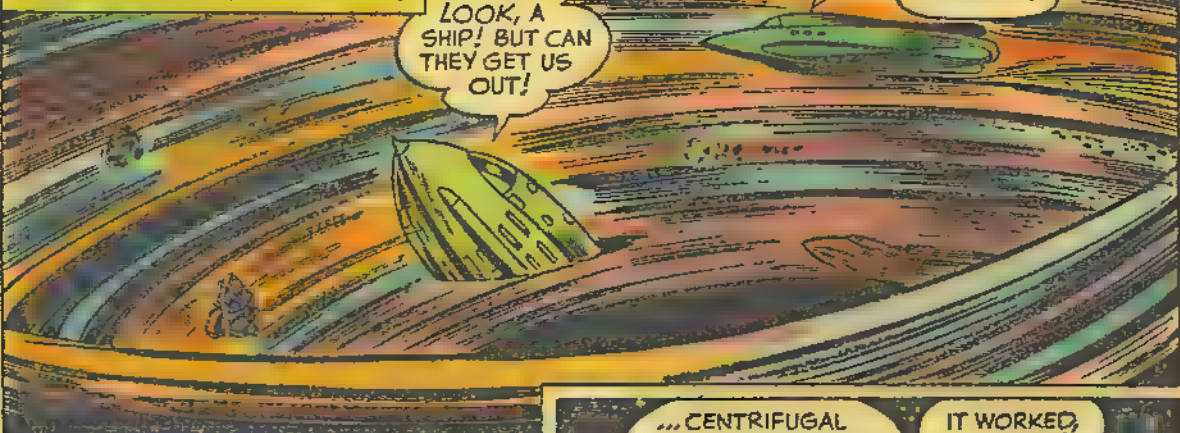
I GOT OUT OF THE WHIRLPOOL ONCE, YEARS AGO! I'M WILLING TO TRY IT AGAIN!

AT LEAST IF WE CRACK UP, IT'LL BE A SPACE-MAN'S END!

AND AS THEY REACH THE **COSMIC WHIRLPOOL**, DREADED MAELSTROM OF ETHER-CURRENTS, IN WHICH WRECKAGES OF SHATTERED WORLDS AND DEAD SHIPS SPIN FOREVER!

LOOK, A SHIP! BUT CAN THEY GET US OUT!

WE'LL HOOK ONTO THE DISABLED LINER WITH A MAGNETIC GRAPPLE AND TOW-LINE!



THEN, TOWING THE HELPLESS LINER, AT IN-CREASING SPEED, AROUND THE MIGHTY WHIRL...

BUT WE'RE NOT STEERING OUT OF THE CURRENTS-- WE'RE ONLY GOING AROUND FASTER IN THEM!

YOU CAN'T GET OUT OF THESE CURRENTS BY MAIN FORCE! BUT IF YOU GO FASTER AND FASTER IN THEM...



...CENTRIFUGAL FORCE OF YOUR HIGH SPEED WILL **THROW** YOU OUT OF THE WHIRLPOOL!

IT WORKED, LORROW!



AFTER THE HELPLESS LINER HAS BEEN TOWED TO MARS...

YOU AND COLONEL TOMORROW SAVED MY LIFE AND MY SHIP, EVEN AFTER THE WAY I TREATED YOU! FROM NOW ON I WANT TO HELP YOU IN EVERY WAY I CAN!

I GUESS THE TROUBLES OF THE OLD SPACE-MEN ARE OVER!



WEEKS LATER, A HERO'S TRIBUTE IS GIVEN THE OLD PIONEERS OF SPACE...

IT'S GILSON'S ATTEMPT TO MAKE AMENDS-- AND TO MAKE SURE THAT YESTERDAY'S HEROES ARE NOT FORGOTTEN AGAIN!

AND THERE'S ONE SPACE-HERO OF TODAY TO WHOM WE OWE IT ALL-- TOMMY TOMORROW!



TO THE SPACE HEROES OF YESTERDAY

The End

CONGO BILL

WHAT ARE A MAN'S CHANCES TO LIVE ONLY WITH HIS TWO HANDS? CONGO BILL THINKS HE CAN AND SETS OUT TO PROVE IT-- ONLY TO FIND HIMSELF MAROONED ON A DESERT ISLAND, FACING KILLER'S BULLETS AS WELL AS NATURE'S PERILS. NO, CONGO BILL HAS NO WEAPONS TO SURVIVE THE DOOM THAT THREATENS HIM EXCEPT HIS WITS AND --

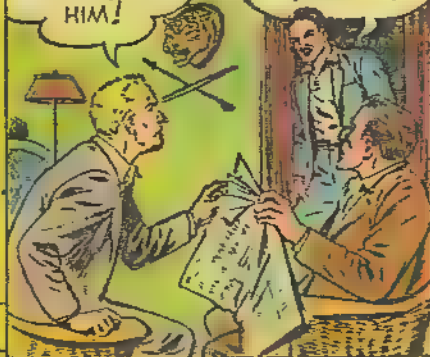
"BARE HANDS!"



As CONGO BILL, VACATIONING FROM HIS WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE CO. JOB, VISITS THE SINGAPORE BRANCH OF THE GLOBE-GIRDERS CLUB...

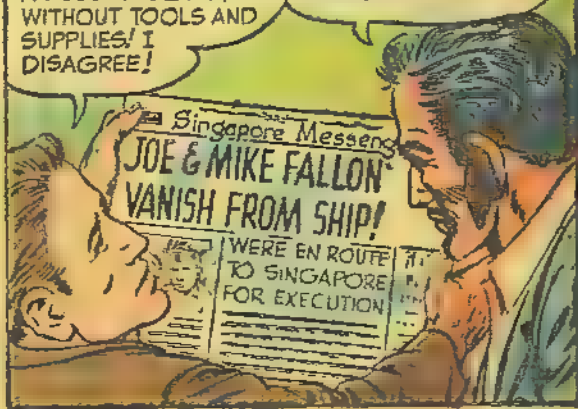
WAIT, COLLINS! HERE'S CONGO BILL WHO KNOWS MORE ABOUT OFF-TRAIL PLACES THAN WE DO, ASK HIM!

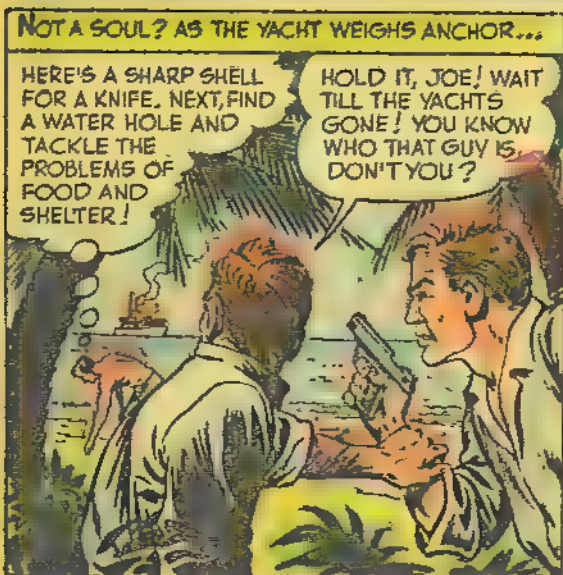
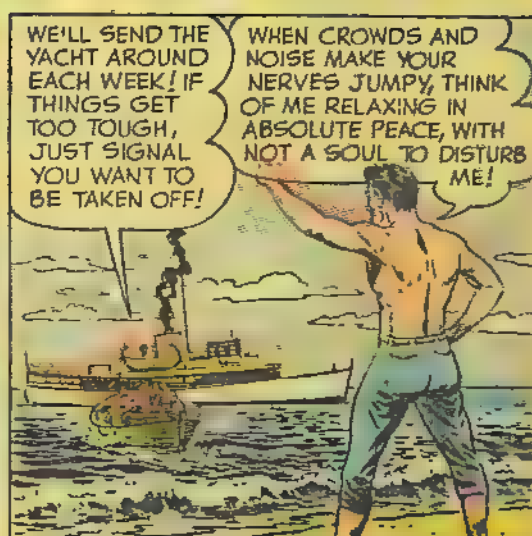
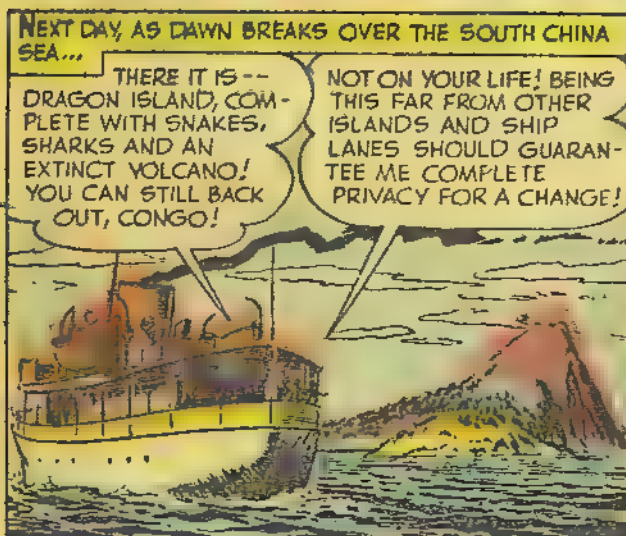
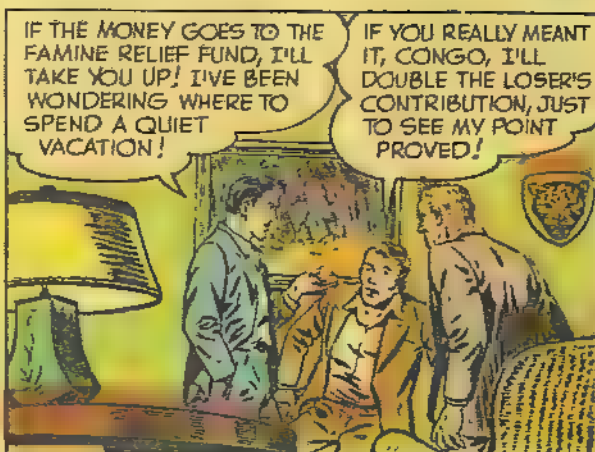
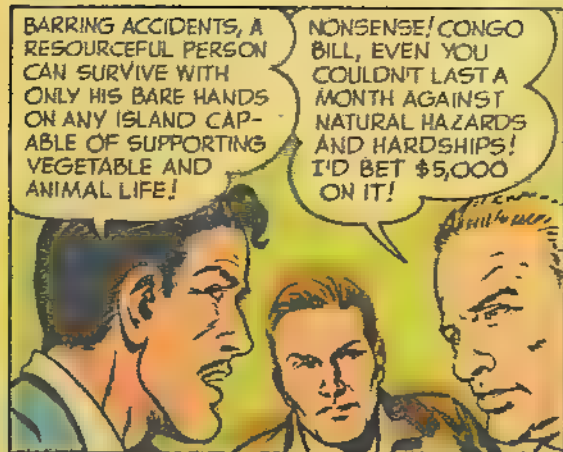
I'VE PLENTY OF PROBLEMS OF MY OWN WITHOUT BEING DRAGGED INTO YOURS. WHAT'S UP, WELLS?



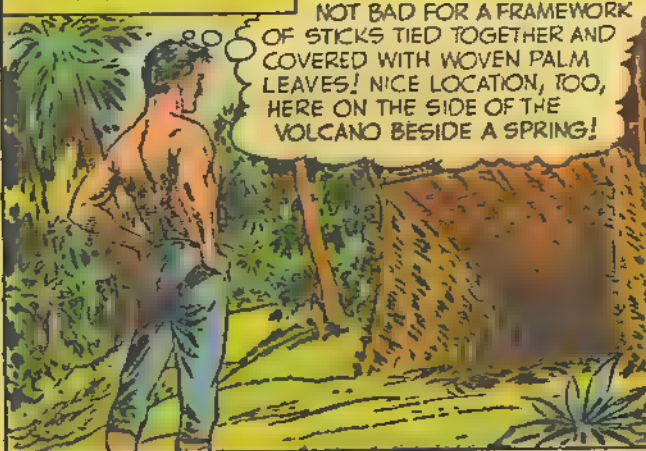
WELLS SAYS THESE ESCAPED KILLERS COULDN'T SURVIVE, EVEN IF THEY REACHED A DESERT ISLAND, WITHOUT TOOLS AND SUPPLIES! I DISAGREE!

I AGREE WITH YOU, COLLINS! ANYONE WHO'S DETERMINED AND SMART CAN MAKE A GO OF IT!





WORKING SWIFTLY, CONGO BILL TURNS SKILL AND KNOWLEDGE GATHERED ALONG MANY DANGER TRAILS TO PRACTICAL PURPOSES...



NOT BAD FOR A FRAMEWORK OF STICKS TIED TOGETHER AND COVERED WITH WOVEN PALM LEAVES! NICE LOCATION, TOO, HERE ON THE SIDE OF THE VOLCANO BESIDE A SPRING!

WITH DRY PALM FUZZ FOR TINDER, A PIECE OF STONE AND MY STEEL BELT BUCKLE, STARTING A FIRE'S AN EASY JOB!



AWK! HI, THERE, BEAUTIFUL! AW-W-WK!

HI, THERE, BEAUTIFUL!



NOW TO RELAX--

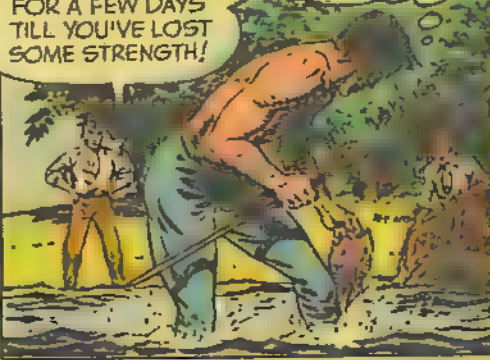
HUH? OF ALL PEOPLE-- A COUPLE OF FUGITIVES FROM THE GALLOWES-- THE FALLON BROTHERS!

YOUR NEW BOSSES! YOU'RE GONNA LIKE WORKIN' FOR US TILL WE'RE READY TO BUMP YOU OFF! GET OUT THERE AN' RUSTLE US UP SOME GRUB!

PRESENTLY...

YOU CAN QUIT! WE'RE READY TO EAT! BUT WE'RE GONNA STARVE YOU FOR A FEW DAYS TILL YOU'VE LOST SOME STRENGTH!

NO CHANCE OF DISARMING BOTH OF THEM WITH THIS SPEAR AS LONG AS THEY STAND APART!



DON'T BURN THEM FISH WHILE YOU'RE OPENIN' THEM COCONUTS!

IF ONE OF THEM WOULD TAKE A WALK, I'D BOUNCE A COCONUT OFF THE OTHER'S HEAD!

AS DARKNESS BLANKETS THE ISLAND, CONGO BILL IS STILL HARD AT WORK--AND STILL PLOTTING...

WANT TO TRY OUT THE HAMMOCK I MADE FOR YOU, JOE?

YEAH! I CAN USE A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP! WE'LL STAKE YOU OUT SO YOU CAN'T GET AWAY! KEEP YOUR GUN ON HIM, MIKE!

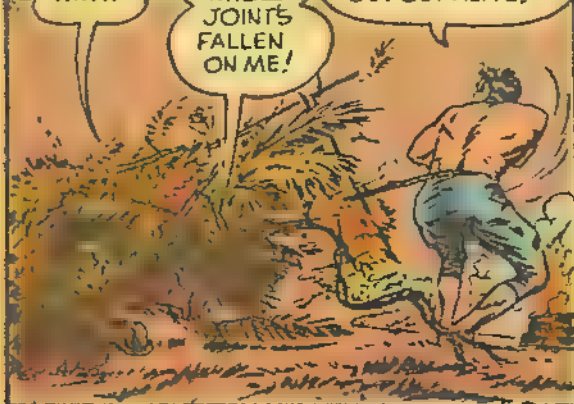


NEXT INSTANT, AS JOE'S WEIGHT SPRINGS A TRAP...

HE TRICKED ME! SHOOT HIM!

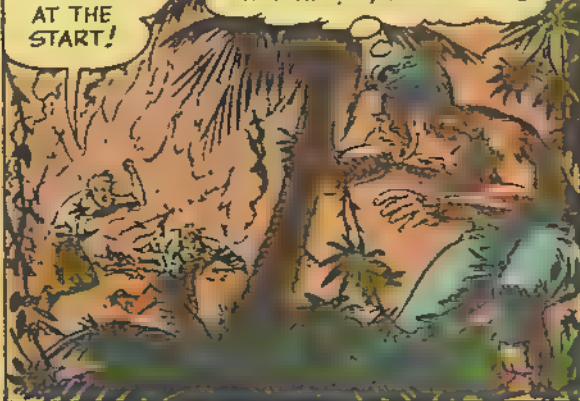
I CAN'T SEE! THE WHOLE JOINT'S FALLEN ON ME!

I'LL RUIN IT FOR GOOD, BUT THEY'LL GET OUT ALIVE!



HE'S GONE! I TOLD YOU WE SHOULD'VE PLUGGED HIM RIGHT AT THE START!

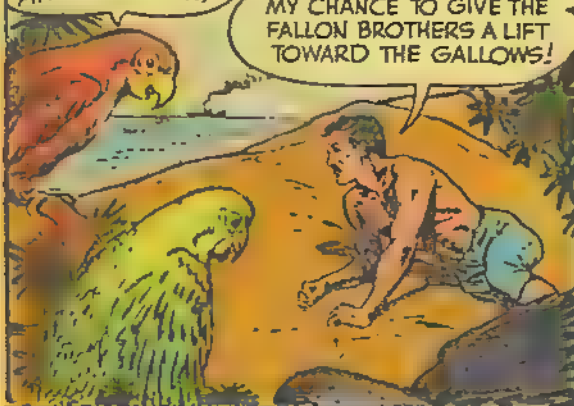
TOO BAD I COULDN'T GET THEIR GUNS! BUT THEY WON'T FOLLOW IN THE DARK. MEANWHILE, THE MORE BULLETS THEY WASTE, THE BETTER!



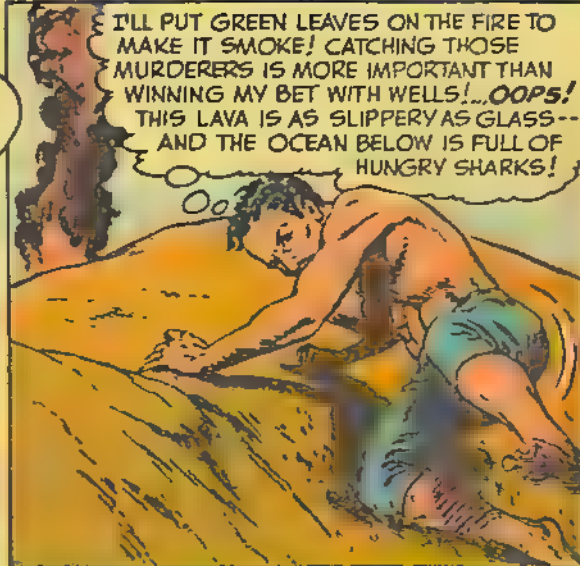
MORNING... AND RAUCOUS CRIES WAKE CONGO BILL FROM A SOUND SLEEP...

HI, THERE, BEAUTIFUL! AWK! AWW-RRR-KKK!

EH? OH, IT'S YOU AND SOME OF YOUR PALS!... HEY! A SHIP HEADED THIS WAY! HERE'S MY CHANCE TO GIVE THE FALLON BROTHERS A LIFT TOWARD THE GALLOWS!



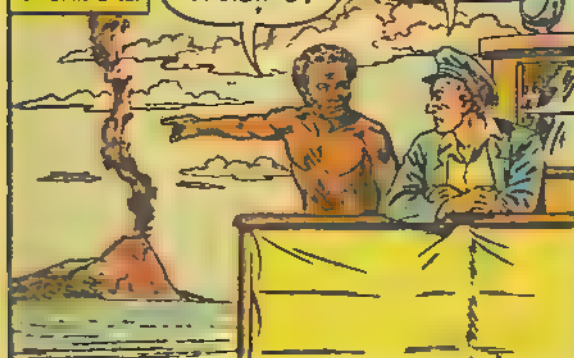
I'LL PUT GREEN LEAVES ON THE FIRE TO MAKE IT SMOKE! CATCHING THOSE MURDERERS IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN WINNING MY BET WITH WELLS!... OOPS! THIS LAVA IS AS SLIPPERY AS GLASS-- AND THE OCEAN BELOW IS FULL OF HUNGRY SHARKS!



ON THE BRIDGE OF THE SMALL STEAMER...

SEE, TUAN-- A COLUMN OF SMOKE! COULD IT BE A SIGNAL?

I DOUBT IT! MORE LIKELY THE VOLCANO'S OPENIN' ANOTHER VENT!



AND BACK ON THE ISLAND...

NO USE! THEY IGNORED THE FIRE!... I MUST OUTWIT TWO ARMED AND DESPERATE KILLERS BEFORE THEY HUNT ME DOWN!... HMM--MAYBE THESE PARROTS CAN HELP ME...

AWK?



HIGH ON THE RIM OF THE DEAD VOLCANO...

I'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL TO SAY NOTHING I DON'T WANT THEM TO REPEAT!

YOU'RE SENTENCED TO DEATH! YOU'RE GOING TO DIE! THERE'S NO ESCAPE!

YOU'RE SENTENCED TO DEATH! AWK! -- GOING TO DIE!



YOU'RE GOING TO DIE! THERE'S NO ESCAPE!

AW-W-W-WK! THERE'S NO ESCAPE!

--SENTENCED TO DEATH!



LATER, AFTER THE EXHAUSTED OUTLAWS HAVE SPENT A RESTLESS, FEAR-HAUNTED NIGHT...

YOU'RE GOING TO DIE! YOU'RE SENTENCED TO DEATH! THERE'S NO ESCAPE!

HUH--? THEM VOICES--! MIKE! WAKE UP! I'M GOIN' CRAZY!

WHAT'S UP?



LIKE THE ACCUSING VOICE OF AN UNEASY CONSCIENCE, THE GRIM CHORUS IS REPEATED OVER AND OVER, ENDLESSLY, MADDENINGLY...

YOU'RE SENTENCED TO DEATH! YOU'RE GOING TO DIE!

JUST PARROTS-- BUT I CAN'T STAND 'EM! IT'S LIKE A SIGN --AN OMEN! LIKE THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WAS TALKIN' ABOUT!

CONGO BILL'S BEHIND IT! WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR? WE GOT GUNS, AN' HE HASN'T! COME ON!

THERE'S NO ESCAPE!



ON THE VOLCANIC PEAK...

WE'LL FEED YOU TO THE SHARKS!

YOU MUST BE NERVOUS! MISSED ME EVERY TIME! TSK, TSK--AND NOW ALL YOUR BULLETS ARE GONE! LOOKS AS IF I HAVE THE SAME WEAPONS AS YOU-- BARE HANDS!

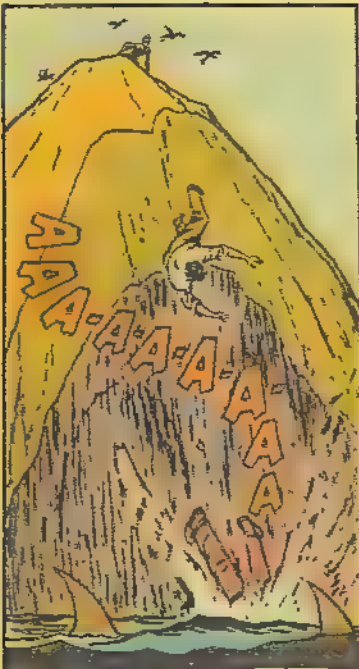


LOOK OUT! THAT LAVA'S SLIPPERY!... HANG ON, JOE!

YOU'RE SENTENCED TO DEATH! THERE'S NO ESCAPE!

HELP!





NOTHING DOWN THERE EXCEPT SHARKS! I WARNED THEM--TRIED TO SAVE THEM--AND THEY WERE SENTENCED TO DEATH!

THERE'S NO ESCAPE!

AWK!



DAYS PASS --AND AT THE END OF A MONTH, A BOAT FROM THE YACHT AGAIN PUTS IN AT DRAGON ISLAND...

NO SIGN OF HIM, COLLINS! WHAT IF HE--?

OH, HOW I PITY FOLKS IN THE CITY!

LISTEN!

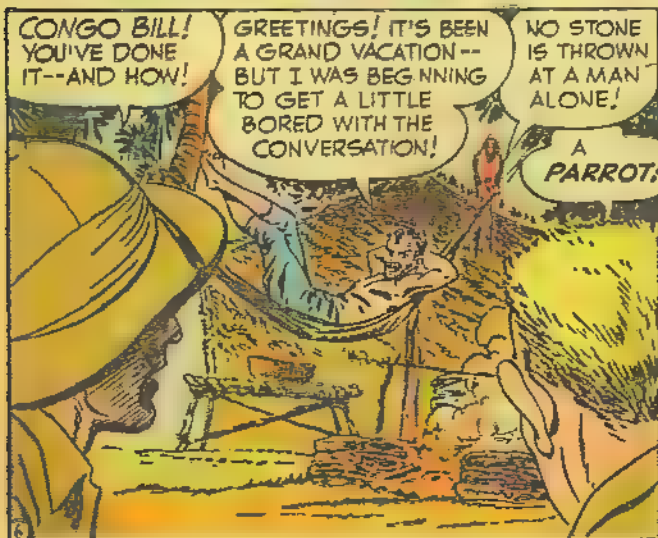


WHEN ALL'S CONFUSION, I LIKE SECLUSION!

WORRIES CEASE WHEN ONE HAS PEACE!

THERE ARE SEVERAL VOICES, WELLS!

THEN CONGO BILL HAS LOST HIS BET! THE WAGER WAS, HE'D STICK IT OUT ALONE!

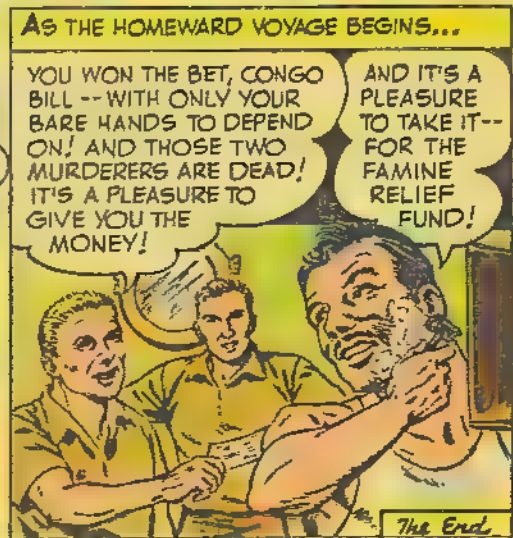


CONGO BILL! YOU'VE DONE IT--AND HOW!

GREETINGS! IT'S BEEN A GRAND VACATION--BUT I WAS BEG NNING TO GET A LITTLE BORED WITH THE CONVERSATION!

NO STONE IS THROWN AT A MAN ALONE!

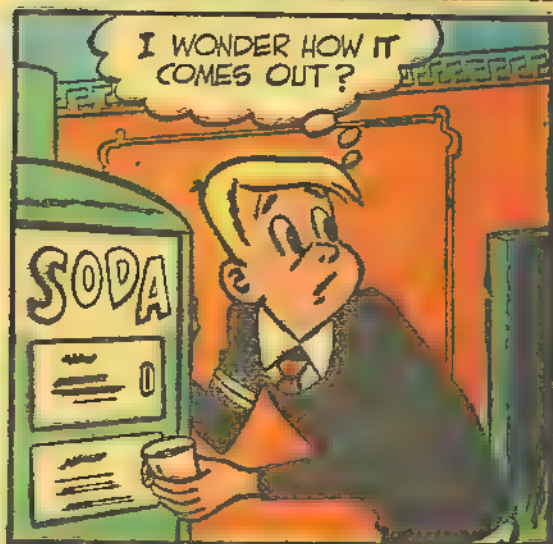
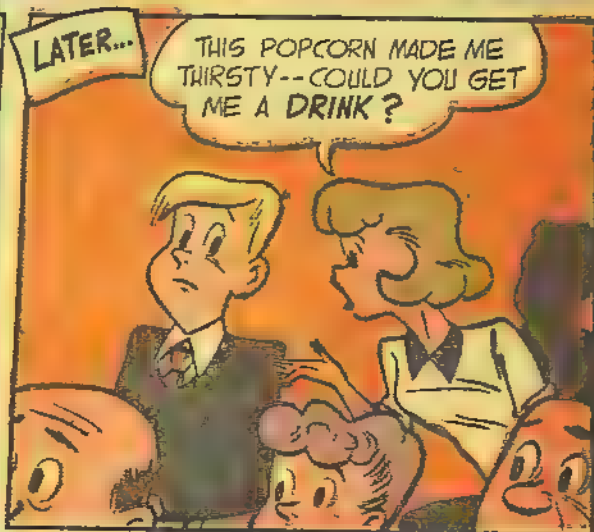
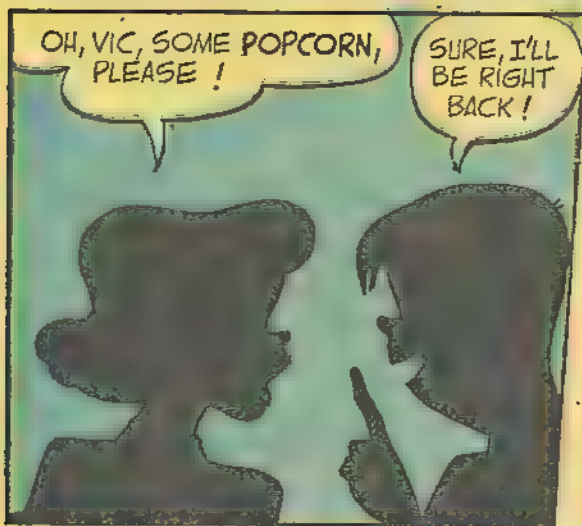
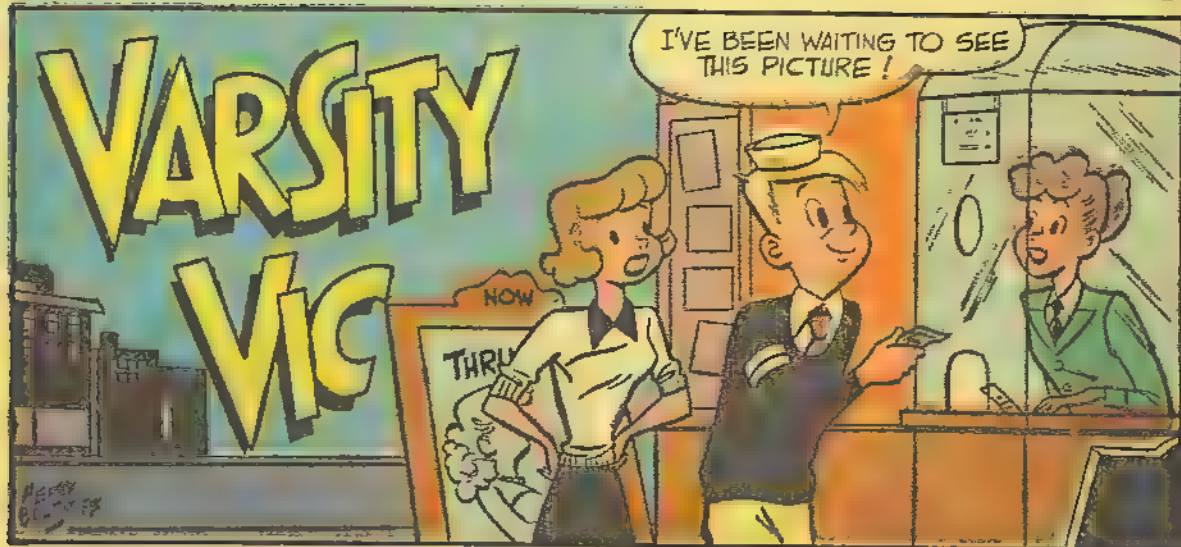
A PARROT!

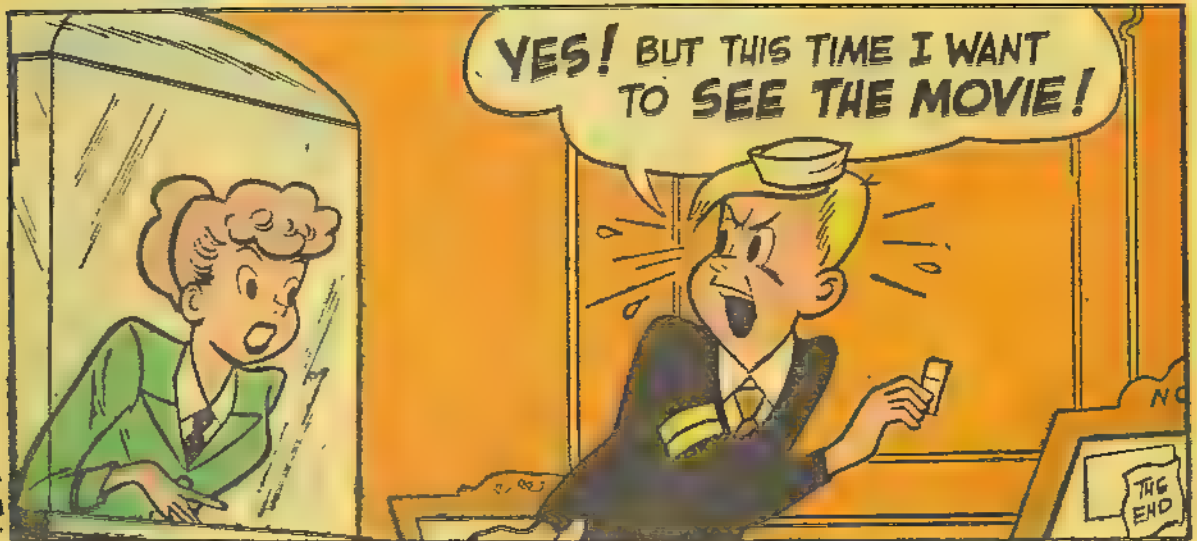
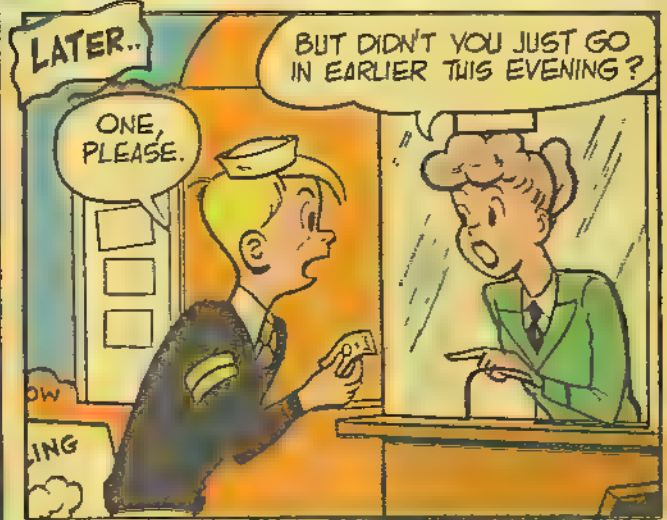
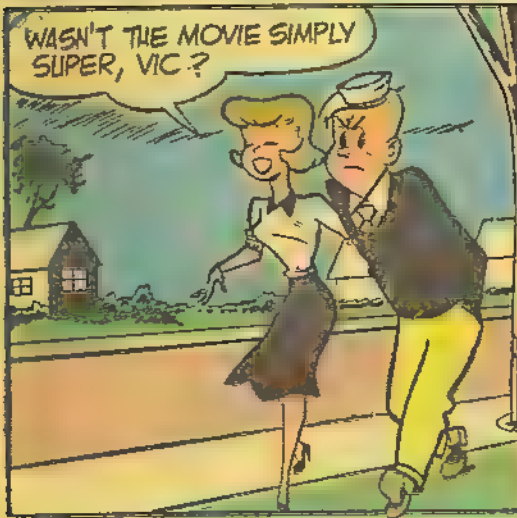
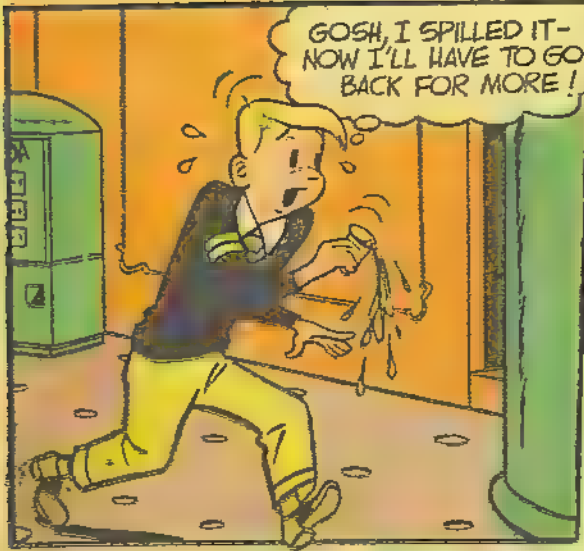


AS THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE BEGINS...

YOU WON THE BET, CONGO BILL --WITH ONLY YOUR BARE HANDS TO DEPEND ON! AND THOSE TWO MURDERERS ARE DEAD! IT'S A PLEASURE TO GIVE YOU THE MONEY!

AND IT'S A PLEASURE TO TAKE IT--FOR THE FAMINE RELIEF FUND!





VIGILANTE

THIS BULLET'S GOT
YOUR NAME ON IT, VIG!

UNARMED IN A DESOLATE
CANYON, STALKED BY OUTLAWS
WHO HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE
AND EVERYTHING TO GAIN, HOW
DOES THE VIGILANTE MEET
THE PERILOUS CHALLENGE OF
THE BULLETS THAT FATEFULLY
BEAR HIS NAME? IRON
COURAGE, LIGHTNING WITS
AND SMASHING ACTION ADD
UP TO THRILLS AND
HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES AS,
ONE BY ONE, SIX DEAD-
SHOT KILLERS TAKE
CAREFUL AIM WITH --

**"SIX SLUGS
for the
VIGILANTE!"**

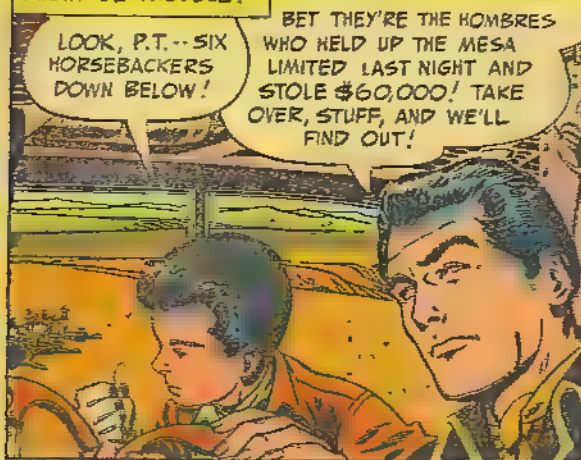




ON A DESERT-HOPPING CONCERT TOUR, GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, SPOTS WHAT MIGHT BE TROUBLE!

LOOK, P.T.-- SIX HORSEBACKERS DOWN BELOW!

BET THEY'RE THE HOMBRES WHO HELD UP THE MESA LIMITED LAST NIGHT AND STOLE \$60,000! TAKE OVER, STUFF, AND WE'LL FIND OUT!



SWIFTLY THE FAMED SINGING COWBOY DONS THE FIGHTING TOSS OF THE WEST'S MOST SPECTACULAR MANHUNTER-- THE VIGILANTE...

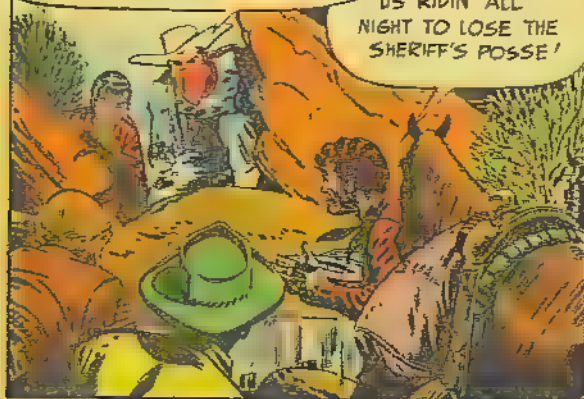
THEY'RE AIMING FOR THAT WATERHOLE AHEAD! PUT US DOWN BEHIND A DUNE AND WE'LL SURPRISE 'EM!

LEAVE IT TO ME!



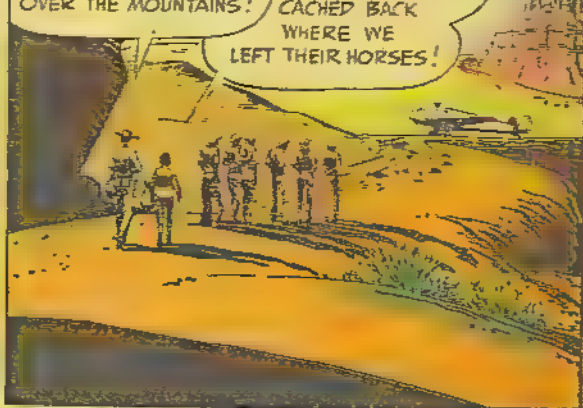
WELL, WELL! BULL SMILEY AND HIS TRIGGER-HAPPY OWLMOOTS! RECKON THERE'S TRAIN-ROBBERY LOOT IN THOSE MAIL SACKS!

VIGILANTE! IT AIN'T FAIR POPPIN' UP LIKE THIS, AFTER US RIDIN' ALL NIGHT TO LOSE THE SHERIFF'S POSSE!



TAKE MY GUNS AND RIDE HERD ON OUR PASSENGERS, STUFF! I'LL DO THE FLYING OVER THE MOUNTAINS!

IT'LL BE A CINCH WITH THEM HOG-TIED AND THEIR SHOOTING IRONS CACHED BACK WHERE WE LEFT THEIR HORSES!



BUT BULL SMILEY SUCCEEDS IN EASING HIS BONDS-- AND AS STUFF'S ATTENTION WAVERS IN BUMPY AIR OVER ROCKY PEAKS...

I'LL TAKE THESE-- AND FROM NOW ON, I'LL GIVE THE ORDERS!

HEH? YIG! HE'S LOOSE!

OH, OH! HE COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A WORSE SPOT FOR IT!



BUT A VIOLENT SPIN UPSETS AND PARTIALLY DISARMS THE BANDIT CHIEF--

OOOPS! THERE GOES A GUN-- BUT I STILL GOT ONE LEFT!

NEAT WORK, YIG! HOLD HER STEADY, AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

WE'RE CAUGHT IN A DOWN-DRAFT! HANG ON WHILE I TRY TO PICK A LANDING SPOT, IN CASE I CAN'T PULL HER OUT!



TREACHEROUS AIR CURRENTS MAKE A CRASH-LANDING NECESSARY!



HURRY UP, 'FORE THE FIRE GETS TO THE GAS TANKS!

THE KID'S JAMMED BETWEEN THE SEATS AN' THE VIG IS TRYIN' TO PRY HIM LOOSE! THEY'LL BOTH BE BLOWED SKY-HIGH!



BUT FORTUNE FAVORS VIGILANTE AND STUFF FOR A MOMENT .

WHEW! IT SURE LOOKED BAD A FEW SECONDS AGO! THANKS, VIG!

DON'T MENTION IT! GRAB AN EXTINGUISHER AND HELP ME DOUSE THE FIRE! THAT LOOT IS OUR ONLY EVIDENCE AGAINST THOSE VARMINTS!



THERE! THE PLANE'S A WRECK AND THE RADIO'S SHOT-- BUT WE'RE SAFE!

NOT EXACTLY, FELLA! BULL SMILEY'S PACKING THE ONLY GUN AROUND SO WE'VE GOT SIX BULLETS TO DODGE BEFORE WE CAN BREATHE EASY!



THE OUTLAWS, TOO, SIZE UP THE SITUATION...

PLUG 'EM BULL! WE'LL GIT OUT DOWNRIVER WITH THE LOOT, AN' THERE WON'T BE NOBODY TO TELL ON US!

NOT SO FAST! THE VIG IS A BAD HONDER TO GET TOO CLOSE TO! WITH ONLY SIX BULLETS, MAYBE WE OUGHT TO PUT ALL SIX O' OUR HEADS TOGETHER!



BULL'S RIGHT! WE'RE ALL GOOD SHOTS, AN' IF WE EACH TRY SNEAKIN' UP ON HIM, HE WON'T STAND A CHANCE!

I KNOW WHAT! WE'LL DRAW LOTS FOR TURNS-- AN' THE ONE WHO SALIVATES VIG GETS A DOUBLE SHARE O' THE SWAG!



WHAT ARE THE ODDS AGAINST VIGILANTE? SIX BULLETS, EACH TAGGED WITH HIS NAME... DUE FROM SIX DEAD-SHOT DESPERADOES WHOSE LIBERTY IS AT STAKE... AND NO TELLING WHEN OR FROM WHAT DIRECTION THEY WILL COME!

A CAVE-- NICE FOR SHELTER, BUT NO PLACE TO BE CORNERED!

HEY-- HEAR THAT ECHO!

--PLACE TO BE CORNERED!
--HEAR THAT ECHO!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE FIRST OF THE MARKSMEN, IS TAKING CAREFUL AIM...

THIS IS SO EASY, I OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED O' MYSELF!

THIS FORKED STICK WOULD SUPPORT A CRANE, IF WE DECIDED TO DO ANY COOKING!

AND THE FIRST BULLET FLIES STRAIGHT TOWARD ITS VICTIM!

YUH LUCKY DOG, RED! YOU'LL GET THE DOUBLE SHARE!

BUT AT THAT INSTANT...

HERE'S A FUNNY-LOOKING HUNK OF FIREWOOD--

RANG
DON'T TOUCH IT! THAT'S--

--A DIAMONDBACK RATTLER!... AND THERE GO THE TWO-LEGGED SNAKES WHO JUST TRIED TO DRY-GULCH ME, ON THE RUN!

THEY SURE AIR-CONDITIONED YOUR HAT! RECKON I SAVED YOUR LIFE, SORT OF, MAKING YOU MOVE FAST TO RESCUE ME JUST THEN!

GET A BOX FROM THE PLANE! FIRST TIME ONE OF THESE CRITTERS EVER BROUGHT ME LUCK-- AND I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE MIGHT REPEAT BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH WITH THOSE SIX VARMINTS!

SOUNDS LOGICAL! FOLKS FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE-- SO WHY NOT SIDEWINDERS WITH SIDEWINDERS?

AS DARKNESS FALLS, THE GLOW OF TINY CAMP-FIRE REVEALS TWO HUDDLED FORMS TO SMOKEY BRAY AND KID PARKER, STALKING WITH MURDEROUS STEALTH...

NOT A CHANCE O' HIM DODGIN' THIS TIME, KID!

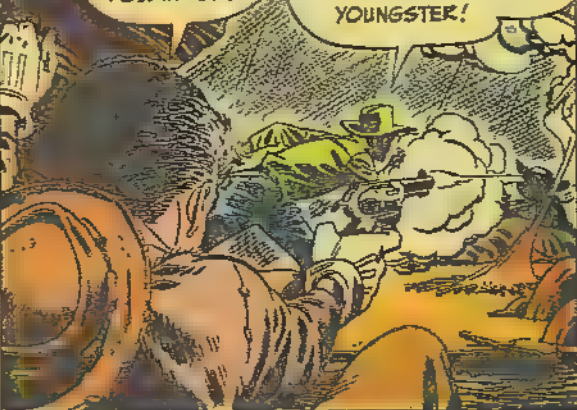
SHORE WISH IT WAS MY TURN, STEAD O' YOURS!



AND THE SECOND BULLET DRIVES STRAIGHT TO ITS MARK!

RIGHT IN THE HEAD! HE'S FOLDIN' UP!

YUH DONE IT, SMOKEY! GIVE ME THE GUN, AN' I'LL TAKE CARE O' THE YOUNGSTER!

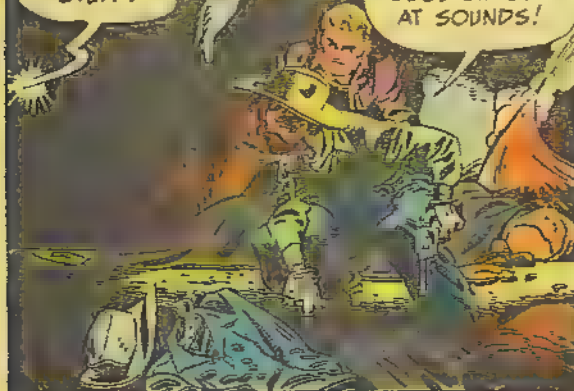


BUT NEXT SECOND...

WE FOOLED 'EM THAT TIME, STUFF!

DUMMIES!... BUT LISTEN! VIG'S VOICE!

THEY'RE IN THE CAVE! I CAN'T SEE 'EM, BUT I'M GOOD SHOOTIN' AT SOUNDS!



THE THIRD BULLET IS FATAL--BUT NOT TO THE ONE IT WAS INTENDED FOR!

I'M SHOT!

HUH...? THE SLUG GLANCED BACK AN' HIT HIM!



THERE GOES KID PARKER, SCARED HALF TO DEATH! USING THE ECHO FROM THE CAVE TO DRAW FIRE WAS A GOOD STUNT-- BUT WHO COULD GUESS THE BULLET WOULD RICOCHET FROM THE ROCKS LIKE A THREE-CUSHION BILLIARD SHOT TO KILL SMOKEY?

IT'S TOUGH ON HIM-- BUT NO WORSE THAN HE PLANNED FOR US!



DAWN...AND WITH THREE BULLETS STILL TO BE ACCOUNTED FOR, THE VIG DECIDES TO TAKE THE OFFENSIVE...

KEEP BACK, STUFF WHERE YOU CAN COVER ME WITH A BARRAGE OF ROCKS IF I NEED IT, BUT WON'T BE A TARGET FOR THEM!

OKAY! ONLY IT'S DOWNRIGHT SELFISH OF YOU HOGGING ALL THE RISKS!



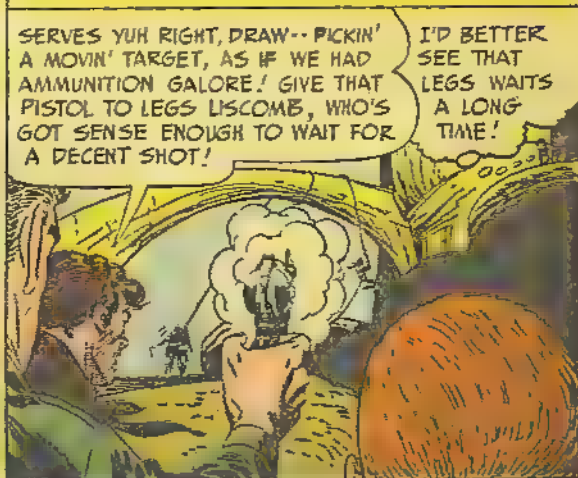
AS RED MORGAN AND KID PARKER STRAY FROM THEIR COMPANIONS IN CRIME ...



GOOD HUNTING! TOO BAD NEITHER OF THEM HAS A GUN!

HEY--SOMEBODY'S ROPED US!

THE FOURTH BULLET, FIRED BY DRAW VINAL AT A FLYING TARGET, IS A CLEAN MISS...



SERVES YUH RIGHT, DRAW--PICKIN' A MOVIN' TARGET, AS IF WE HAD AMMUNITION GALORE! GIVE THAT PISTOL TO LEGS LISCOMB, WHO'S GOT SENSE ENOUGH TO WAIT FOR A DECENT SHOT!

I'D BETTER SEE THAT LEGS WAITS A LONG TIME!

COME ON--THROW SOME OF THAT LEAD AT ME, BEFORE I GET AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX!

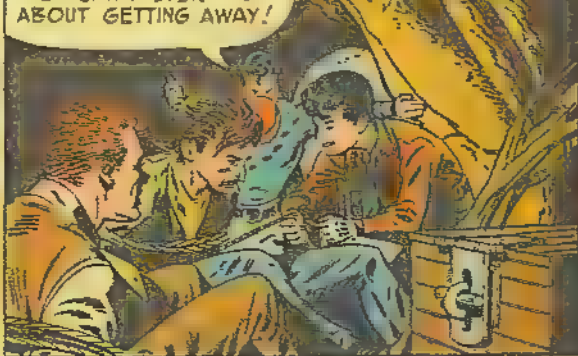
FORGET THE YOUNGSTER--AN' RED AN' PARKER, TOO! THE VIG IS THE ONE WE'RE WORRIED ABOUT--AN' WE CAN WAIT FOR ANOTHER CHANCE AT HIM!



PRESENTLY...

MAKE 'EM COZY, STUFF! BETTER TIE THEIR FEET AND GAG 'EM, SO THEY CAN'T EVEN TALK ABOUT GETTING AWAY!

SHALL I LET OUR OTHER PRISONER OUT OF THE BOX TO KEEP 'EM COMPANY?



THAT AFTERNOON, AS DRAW VINAL AND LEGS LISCOMB GO FISHING WITH IMPROVISED TACKLE ...

I FEEL MEAN ABOUT SPOILING THEIR LUCK, SINCE THEY HAVE NO GRUB--BUT I CAN'T RESIST PLAYING SNORKEL SUBMARINE WITH THIS PIECE OF TUBING FROM THE PLANE!

JUST REMEMBER, THERE ARE STILL TWO BULLETS IN THAT SHOOTING--IRON LEGS IS TOTING!



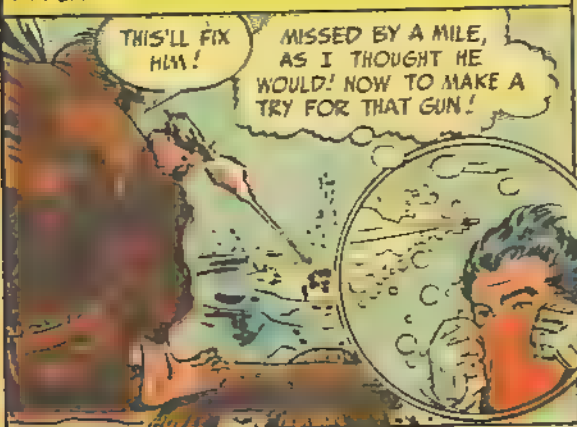
SWIMMING BENEATH THE SURFACE, BREATHING THROUGH THE TUBE, VIGILANTE GETS WITHIN 10 FEET OF THE LOG-RIDING OUTLAWS-- THEN DELIBERATELY BETRAYS HIS PRESENCE!

IF MY SCHEME DOESN'T WORK, THEY'LL MAKE A BIGGER CATCH THAN THEY EXPECT!

HUH--? THAT'S NO FISH!.. IT'S VIG!



THE FIFTH BULLET GOES RIGHT WHERE IT IS AIMED-- BUT LEGS HAS FORGOTTEN THAT WATER BENDS LIGHT-RAYS AND MAKES SUBMERGED OBJECTS APPEAR TO BE WHERE THEY AREN'T...



THIS'LL FIX HIM!

MISSED BY A MILE, AS I THOUGHT HE WOULD! NOW TO MAKE A TRY FOR THAT GUN!



COME ON IN! THE WATERS FINE

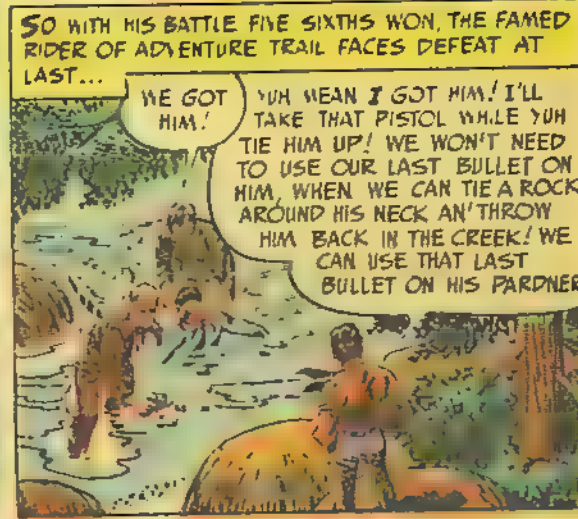
HELP!

I WAS LOCO TO TRUST THEM IDJITS WITH THE GUN! HE'S TRICKED EVERY ONE O' 'EM EXCEPT ME!



BUT FROM NOW ON, HE WON'T TRICK NOBODY!

I'LL RELIEVE YOU OF THIS AND THEN -- UH-H-H-H...



SO WITH HIS BATTLE FIVE SIXTHS WON, THE FAMED RIDER OF ADVENTURE TRAIL FACES DEFEAT AT LAST...

WE GOT HIM!

YUH MEAN I GOT HIM! I'LL TAKE THAT PISTOL WHILE YUH TIE HIM UP! WE WON'T NEED TO USE OUR LAST BULLET ON HIM, WHEN WE CAN TIE A ROCK AROUND HIS NECK AN' THROW HIM BACK IN THE CREEK! WE CAN USE THAT LAST BULLET ON HIS PARDNER!



AS FOR STUFF, WHO HAS WATCHED FROM A DISTANCE...

HOLD ON, YOU BACK-STABBING VULTURES!

THE BRAT! DON'T FORGET, HE CAN IDENTIFY US TOO IF WE LET HIM GET AWAY!



I'LL GIVE YOU TEN SECONDS TO LET VIGILANTE GO! IF YOU DON'T I'LL DROP A MATCH IN THE GAS TANK-- AND YOUR LOOT WILL GO UP IN SMOKE!

NO! DON'T DO IT, STUFF! YORE PAL'S UNCONSCIOUS, BUT WE'LL BRING HIM TO YUH SO'S YUH CAN SEE HE'S OKAY!

CAUTION
FUEL TANK



HE'S GOT A LITTLE TAP ON THE NOGGIN, BUT IT WON'T BOTHER HIM NONE!

I'M WARNING YOU-- NO FUNNY BUSINESS!



UNTIE HIM!

HAW, HAW! SON, YUH'RE EASY FOOLED! WE AIN'T UNTYIN' HIM NEVER-- AN' WE AIN'T LETTIN' YUH 'IT AWAY, NEITHER!



I'M GOIN' TO PUT THIS HERE LAST SLUG IN YUH 'FORE YUH CAN MAKE A MOVE TOWARD STRIKIN' A MATCH!

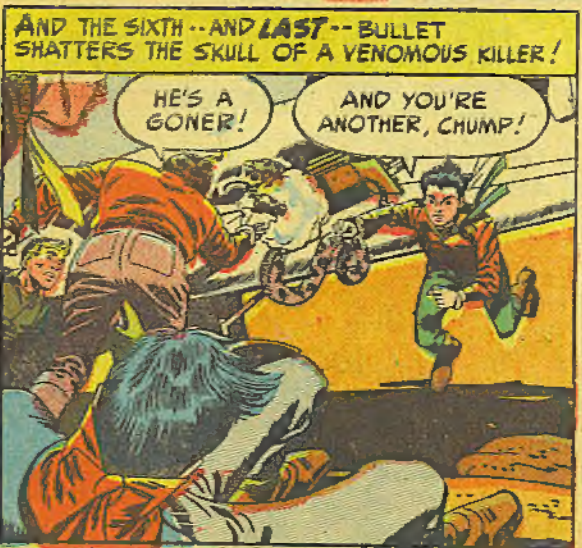
BULL SMILEY, YOU RAT, IF YOU DO--

DON'T WORRY, VIG! I FIGURED I COULD TRUST HIM JUST ABOUT AS FAR AS A RATTLESNAKE--SO LOOK!



GREAT SUFFERIN' HOOT OWLS-- A RATTLER!

PLENTY MAD, TOO, AN' WINDIN' UP TO CUT LOOSE! DO SOMETHIN' BULL-- QUICK!



AND THE SIXTH--AND **LAST**-- BULLET SHATTERS THE SKULL OF A VENOMOUS KILLER!

HE'S A GONER!

AND YOU'RE ANOTHER, CHUMP!



NEXT INSTANT...

THAT TAKES CARE OF THE ROPES! YOU ALL RIGHT, VIG?

RIGHT ENOUGH TO HANDLE THESE COYOTES, I RECKON!



SEE WHAT I MEAN?

HERE'S RED MORGAN AN' KID PARKER IN THE CAVE! I'LL LET 'EM LOOSE!



HERE'S YORE GUN BACK, VIG! TOO BAD IT'S EMPTY!

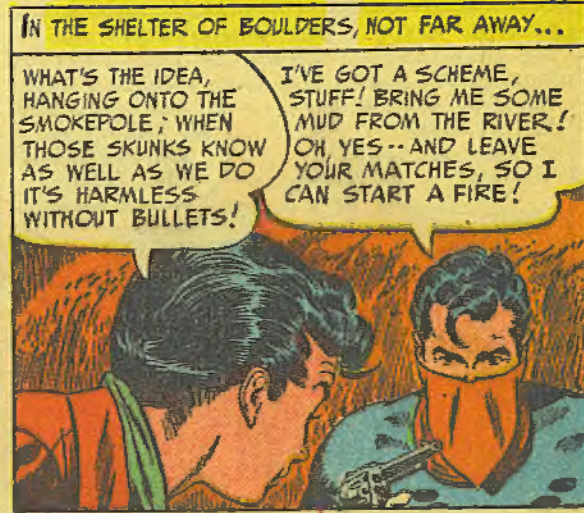
THANKS!

GOLLY-- THERE'S FIVE OF 'EM AGAINST US NOW!



LET'S GO, PARDNER! WE'RE NOT RUNNING AWAY-- THIS IS A STRATEGIC RETREAT!

NEVER MIND 'EM, BOYS! NOW THAT WE KNOW THEY'RE SCARED, WE'LL FIGGER A WAY TO CORNER 'EM WHEN WE'VE CHECKED UP ON THE LOOT!



IN THE SHELTER OF BOULDERS, NOT FAR AWAY...

WHAT'S THE IDEA, HANGING ONTO THE SMOKEPOLE; WHEN THOSE SKUNKS KNOW AS WELL AS WE DO IT'S HARMLESS WITHOUT BULLETS!

I'VE GOT A SCHEME, STUFF! BRING ME SOME MUD FROM THE RIVER! OH, YES-- AND LEAVE YOUR MATCHES, SO I CAN START A FIRE!



AND AS THE MUD ARRIVES...

DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE LOADING THOSE EMPTY CARTRIDGES WITH SAND! HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY?

WHO KNOWS? HURRY UP AND MOLD SOME BULLETS OUT OF THAT MUD, SO I CAN HARDEN THEM IN THE FIRE!



HAS VIGILANTE GONE CRAZY? IT SEEMS LIKE A GOOD QUESTION, EVEN TO THE TRAIN ROBBERS, AS HE CONFRONTS THEM, MOMENTS LATER...

ALL RIGHT, YOU SIDEWINDERS-- REACH!

WHAT--? THAT TAP ON THE HEAD MUST OF SCATTERED HIS BRAINS

IF HE THINKS AN EMPTY GUN CAN SCARE US! GO GIT HIM, BOYS!

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE!

SUDDENLY, A SEVENTH SHOT THUNDERS--AND THE MANHUNT IS FINISHED!

GREAT SNAKES!--IT IS LOADED! I CAN SEE MORE BULLETS IN THE CYLINDER! HE MUST OF HAD 'EM IN HIS POCKET!

I SAID, REACH! NEXT TIME I PULL THE TRIGGER, I'LL AIM LOWER!



LATER, A HEAVILY-LADEN RAFT SHOOTS DANGEROUS RAPIDS...

LOOK SHARP, BULL! ONE FALSE MOVE, AND THIS THING'S LIABLE TO GO OFF!

I'M STILL DIZZY TRYING TO FIGURE HOW YOU MANAGED IT, VIG!



AND STILL LATER, IN THE NEAREST TOWN...

THESE ARE THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE GANG THAT ROBBED THE MESA LIMITED, SHERIFF! THE \$60,000 THEY STOLE IS IN THOSE SACKS!

YUH DON'T SAY, VIGILANTE! I'LL BE RIGHT PROUD TO GIVE 'EM THE FINEST ACCOMMODATIONS OUR CALABOOSE AFFORDS!



CONFIDENTIALLY, YOU'D BETTER KEEP YOUR GUNS ON 'EM! MINE'S ONLY LOADED WITH DUMMY CARTRIDGES OF SAND AND MUD!

WHAT! HOW 'BOUT THAT SHOT YUH FIRED TO CONVINCE US?



OH, THAT! I LOADED ONE SHELL WITH HEADS OF MATCHES, WHICH MAKE A LOT OF NOISE WHEN HANDLED RIGHT! BUT ONE DEMONSTRATION WAS ALL I COULD MANAGE!

WELL, SLAP ME DOWN WITH A STICK OF DYNAMITE! SO THAT WAS IT!



FINALLY, AT THE LOCAL AIRPORT...

WISH THAT PLANE TO THE CITY WOULD HURRY UP! I'VE GOT TO BUY A NEW GUITAR AND OUTFIT FOR THE TROUBADOUR'S CONCERT TONIGHT--AND I STILL HAVEN'T ARRANGED TO HAVE OUR OWN PLANE SALVAGED!

OWLHOOTS SURE MAKE A LOT OF TROUBLE FOR YOU, DON'T THEY, VIG? BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, LOOK AT ALL THE TROUBLE YOU MAKE FOR THEM!



The End

For Dancing, Prancing and Romancing!

**THOM
McAN'S**

HOE-DOWN

I REALLY GO FOR THE
OUTDOOR LOOKS OF THAT
SADDLE-LEATHER BROWN
AND CORDO COLOR
LEATHER. (STYLE #5401)

AND THE ROOMY TOE
FITS COMFORTABLY TO
THE FOOT... FOR WALKING
AND DANCING PLEASURE.

WOW! LOOKIT THE
HIGH TAPERED HEEL
AND BOOTSTRAP! REAL
COWBOY STYLE!

YAHOO!... THE
LARIAT DESIGNS ON
TOE AND INSTEP ARE
AS WESTERN AS
THE PANHANDLE.

CORDO COLOR WITH REAL RANCHING
SYMBOLS BRANDED ON THE RAWHIDE
TAN INSTEP. (Style #5400)

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